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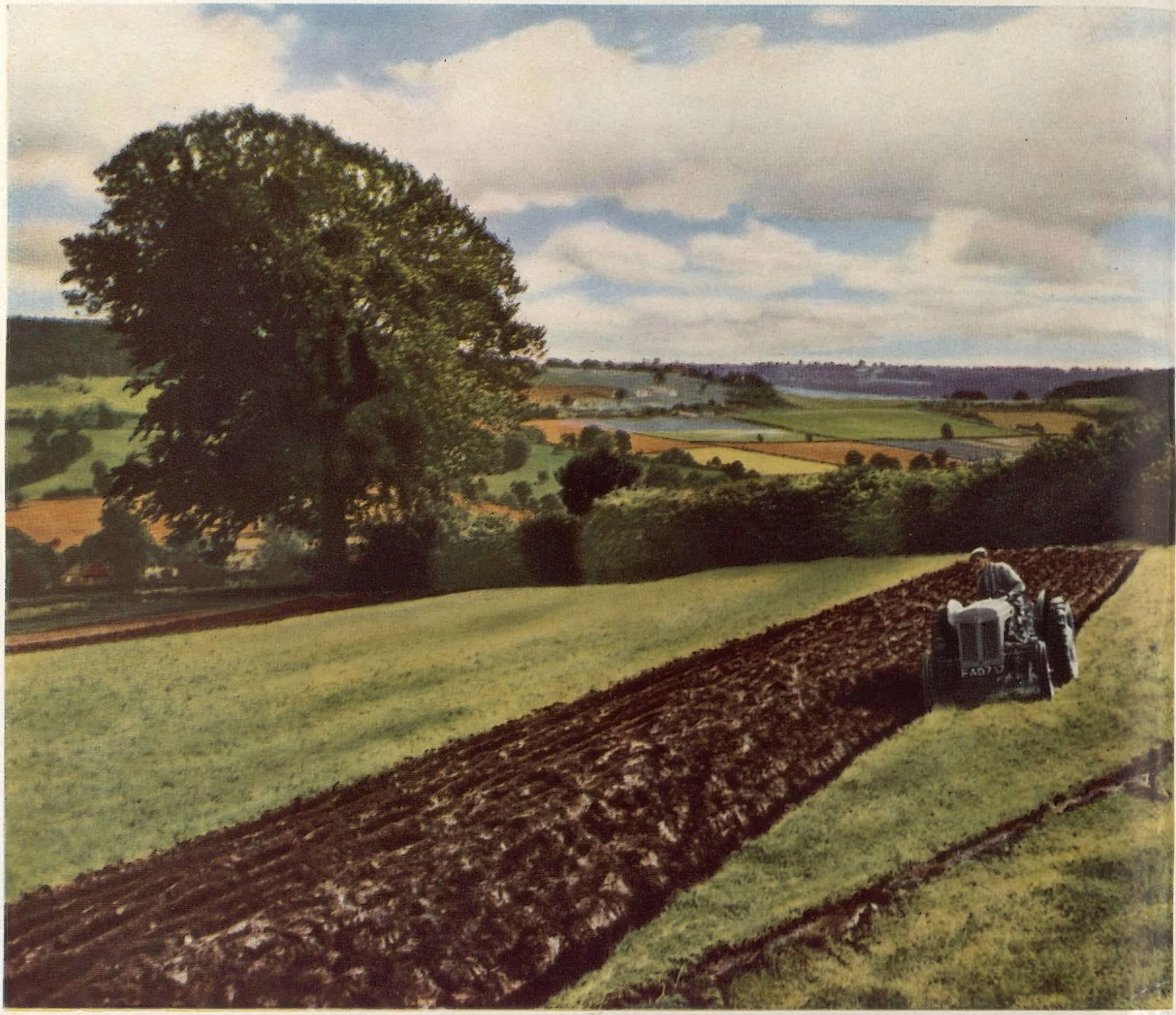

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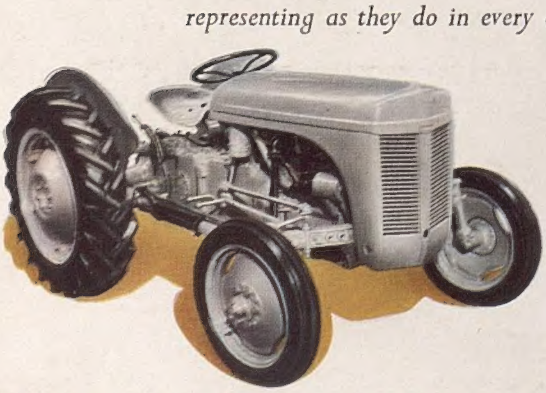

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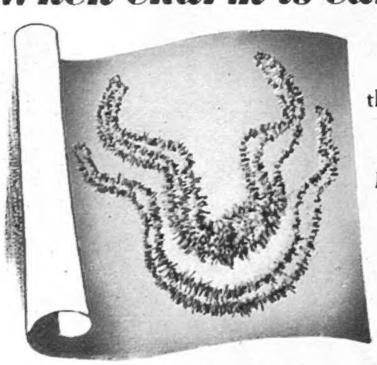

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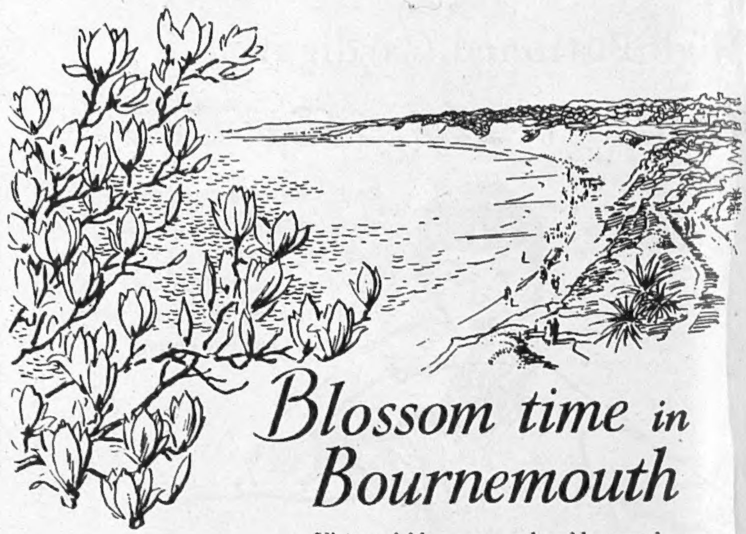

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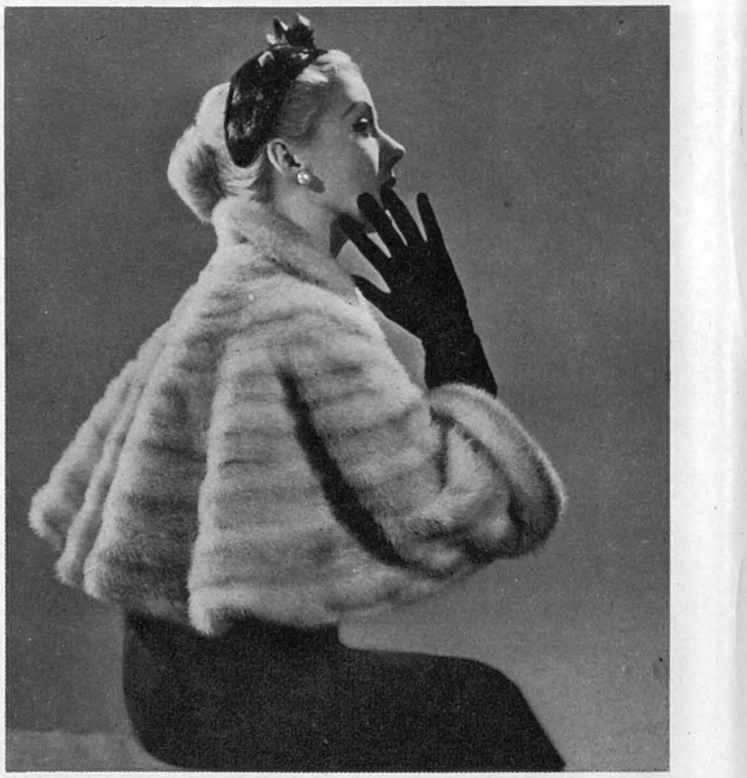

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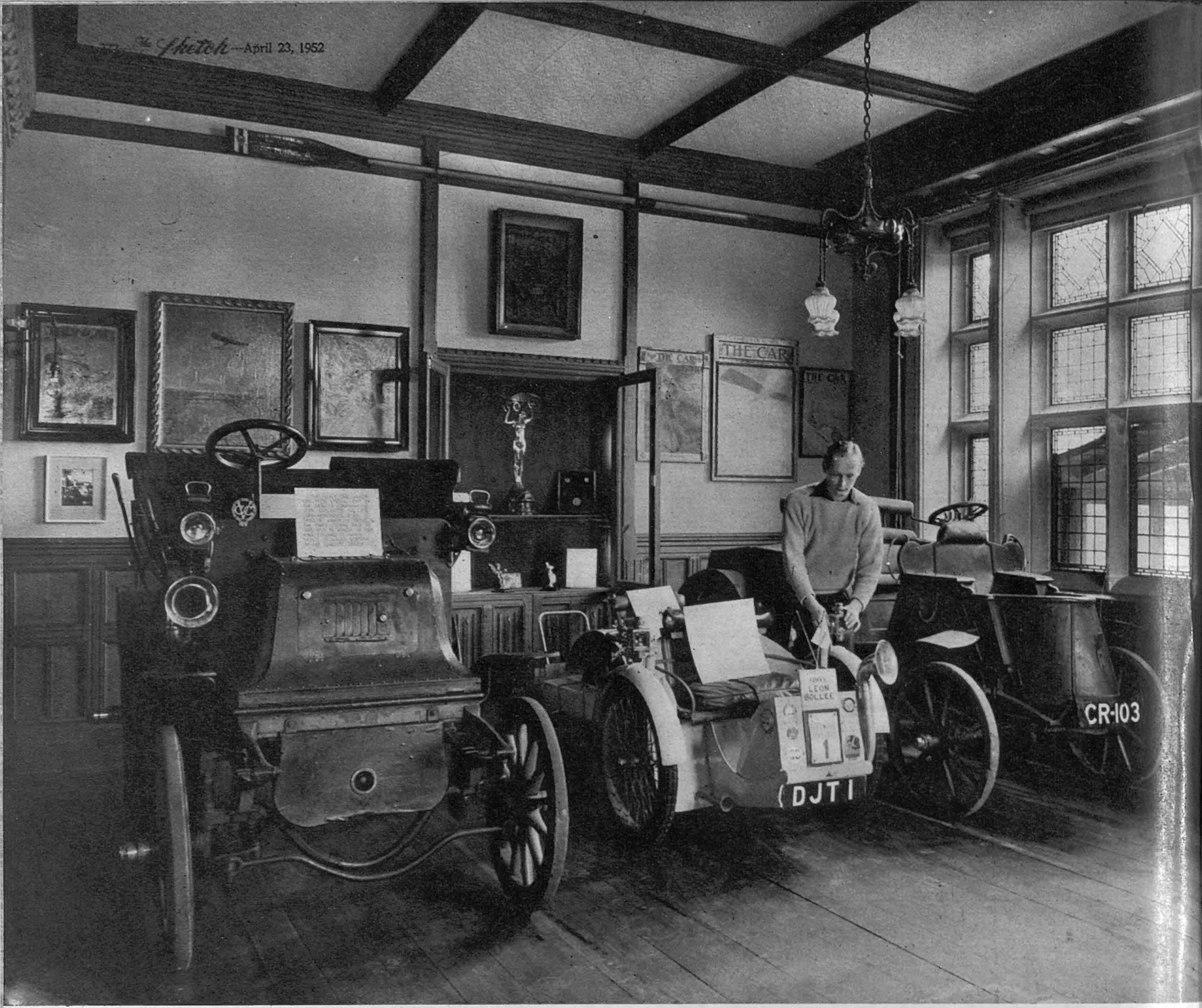
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1952

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

FIRST LADY of THE RALLY

Mrs. Ann Hall in her scarlet XK 120 Jaguar car on the starting-line at the Oliver's Mount road-racing circuit at Scarborough. This test decided the final winners of the second R.A.C. International Rally (reviewed on pp. 374-377), and brought the Jaguar from eleventh to ninth position, in addition to winning the Ladies' Cup in the open car class. The car was entered by Miss Mary Newton, Mrs. Hall's sister, who drove with her, but Mrs. Hall was pilot in all tests and was the first woman driver home. The sisters come from a motoring family and won the Ladies' Cup in the 1951 R.A.C. Rally at Bournemouth. Apart from driving in occasional rallies, however, Mrs. Hall does not mean to take up motor racing regularly as she has three children.



ALL THIS—AND SIDESHOWS TOO.

More and more stately homes are being opened to the public to help pay for their upkeep; on April 8, Palace House, Beaulieu, the home of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, went into competition with the rest, and has a museum of ancient cars as an additional attraction.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

HAVING spent twenty-four hours recently at London Airport, seeing off Luis Bolin, Director-General of Spanish Tourism, to Spain, I am more than ever convinced of the accuracy of my theory—which I have already advanced in these columns—that hell will be exactly like the passenger waiting-hall of a major airport. There is, as I say, the same feeling of hopelessness, the same realisation that you are likely to be there for all eternity, the same knowledge that it is your own fault that you are there at all, *i.e.*, you have voluntarily bought a ticket, or decided to go and see somebody off, the same icy blasts (which spiritualists tell me precede the arrival of any evil emanation) and, above all, the same hellish noise from the Tannoy.

I imagine, too, that Satan likes to play with his victims by giving them, from time to time, some hope that they may escape. I feel sure that, at intervals, on an infernal Tannoy, a voice says: "Attention, please! Attention, please! Belial Airways announce that their flight Number So-and-So for the upper regions, which was delayed owing to a technical hitch, is likely now to take off in about a million years." And what jolly Satanic laughter there must be when the million years is up, and there is no question of the aircraft leaving!

During the long hours I spent at London Airport I noticed something else. This is, that there is always a missing passenger who is required. His name always sounds like "Ogle." Thus: "Attention, please. Attention, please! Will Mr. Ogle, Swissair passenger for Zurich, please go at once to the Passenger Enquiry counter." "Attention, please! Will Mr. Ogle, B.O.A.C. passenger for Nairobi, please go at once to the Passenger Enquiry counter"—and so on. But Mr. Ogle, I notice, never goes. I am sure that he is merely part of what I have described as the fetishism of air transport, and that in reality, if he exists at all, he is hobnobbing with Sir Miles Thomas and Mr. Whitney Straight, who, behind those closed doors marked "No Admittance" are carrying out certain nameless rites, one hopes within the safety of a pentacle! An exasperating form of transport. I seldom, if I can possibly help it, use any other!

THE Mid-Kent Stag Hounds put off their point-to-point from a Saturday to a Wednesday recently because of the weather. This will have been a great disappointment to many Londoners, for the course at Charing is one of the best, both from the point of view of spectators and riders, in the country. Stag hunting—especially of a boxed stag—aroused the ire of Surtees, who wrote: "a great fat lubberly thing, after being well shaken up for some miles in a close-covered cart, is turned out half stupified, to be mobbed by all the foot people and perhaps by half the horsemen." But then Surtees believed that "all time is wasted that is not spent in hunting," by which he meant fox-hunting alone. Indeed, it is an extraordinary thing that the writer of some of the greatest sporting books ever written, disliked intensely almost every other form of sport except his own.

I always used to like the story of the Roman hunt before the war. The fox was kennelled with hounds, and invariably took the same line across the open, featureless "campagnia." He had some friends—pigs—to whom he always paid a visit. The pigs were enclosed by a 2-ft.-high stone wall. The field, led by a foreign Military Attaché in full uniform, would arrive at the pigs' enclosure a little after the hounds, who also were friendly with the pigs. Invariably the Military Attaché would rein in his horse, throw up a white gloved hand, cry out in surprise (and some alarm): *"Tiens! Un obstacle!"* After which fox, hounds, and field all trotted home together. *"Si non è vero"*—I have the word of my old Maltese statesman friend, Sir Benjamin Trovato, for it.

MY recent notes on ski-ing in Switzerland have brought me a certain number of letters. One from that fine skier Colonel Robert Readhead, who points out to me that if you are fortunate enough to belong to the Army Ski Association you can ski at the Scheidegg up to May for 25s. a day, which is well worth knowing.

One or two other friends have suggested to me that my mild mockery of the Mürrenites, and their reputation for being a little over-earnest about the Ski Club of Great Britain tests, was unkind and unjust. I assure them that, unlike the horrid little boy in the poem, I did not "only do it to annoy because I know it teases." I should hate to think that I have hurt the feelings of any of the old and good friends in a resort where, like so many other people, I first learnt to ski, and for which I shall always have an affection. Mürren remains a place where they really teach you to point your skis downhill, and has in Arnie and Lady Mabel Lunn unique presiding deities. In fact, I should have thought that Mürren was in a strong enough position to take a little teasing without taking grave harm.

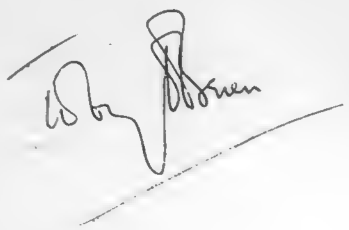
MR. HENRY HOPKINSON, the Secretary for Overseas Trade, has a little admirable official sideline which he excellently pursues as the fairy godfather of British tourism. The speeches which he makes on the subject—the latest was on a visit to Jersey—are filled with good sense. As a cultivated and much-travelled man—he was one of the stars of the Foreign Office until 1946, when he resigned to become head of the Conservative Party's Research Department—he must have delivered himself on the subject of the restrictions in foreign travel with real feeling.

In his Jersey speech he said: "To young people it must be scarcely possible to realise what freedom of travel existed before the 1914 war. No passports were required, British currency up to any amount could be taken and freely changed into any currency. No visas were required for any country in Europe except for Russia and Turkey." To young people of 1952 it must seem equally incredible that you could decide in the morning to fly over to Paris for lunch and, if you found yourself short of money there, cash one of your ordinary cheques with any friend who was prepared to take it.

The British hotel industry must have been heartened when someone so widely travelled and with such a nice appreciation of good food and wine could say: "I can truly say, speaking with a good deal of experience of foreign travel, that the British hotel and catering industry *at its best* is second to none in the world." (The italics are mine.) If Sir Alexander Maxwell is to succeed in his task of enticing even more foreigners to this country than last year—the tourist industry earned us £100,000,000—Mr. Hopkinson's suggestion that hotels should keep a look out for the particular needs of certain types of visitors, is a good one. "Americans, for instance," Mr. Hopkinson said, "like tomato or orange-juice with their breakfast. They want ice-water on the table at all meals and in their rooms. Such seemingly small points as providing fish for Catholic visitors on Fridays should not be overlooked."

ONE of the most amusing speeches during the last week or two came from Mr. David Gammans, the Assistant Postmaster-General, in the debate on the G.P.O. I dined with him the night before, and found him full of the little curiosities in which the G.P.O. abounds, and to some of which he referred in his speech. If it is not a breach of privilege to say so, some of the more occasionally convivial members must have heard with concern that it is no longer possible to post yourself home. Up to 1940 anybody could walk into a post office and demand to be sent home by parcel post. It was a service of which those who had celebrated, occasionally availed themselves. In addition there was the agitator who wanted to be delivered to Mr. Neville Chamberlain when he was Prime Minister, and an optimistic gentleman who tried to send himself by parcel post to Canada, only to be told that the service was purely internal. Ingenious schoolboys who had squandered their journey money made fairly frequent use of the service. Perhaps on the whole it is a good thing that the regulation no longer exists. The scope for practical jokers is almost unlimited. However, bees, leeches and silkworms, but not, for obvious reasons (and even for scientific purposes), bed-bugs, may still be sent by post. So, too, can animals, including cows, "provided," Mr. Gammans said severely, "they are of a docile disposition." I have a happy vision of the post offices of towns where fairs are held being thronged with indolent drovers consigning their charges to the G.P.O. in order to spend their time in a more profitable manner.

All of which reminds me of one of Sir Alan Herbert's "Misleading Cases" of so many years ago, and his character who wrote his income-tax cheque on a cow. The subsequent legal action arose out of the refusal of the collector to accept the cow. Counsel for the taxpayer pointed out that you can write a cheque on almost anything. One interchange sticks in my memory: "Was the cheque stamped?" asked the judge. "Yes, m'Lud, a tuppenny postage-stamp was affixed to the dexter horn." I cannot remember now how the matter ended, but I give the G.P.O. cows as a present to Sir Alan for the exercise of his admirable ingenuity.



The Editor Regrets . . .

that complaints continue to reach him from readers who have been unable to obtain copies of *The Sketch*.

This point was dealt with in our issue of March 26, and we can only reiterate that under present-day conditions it is impossible to print extra copies of a publication of the quality of *The Sketch* unless they are ordered in advance. Any such orders placed with a newsagent or bookstall will ensure that extra copies are printed to meet them.

An alternative method, for those living outside a newsagent's delivery area, is a subscription. Under this arrangement *The Sketch* is delivered by post on every publication day throughout the year, plus the extra Christmas Number. A year's subscription, including postage, is £3 Inland and Overseas, or £2 19s. to Canada. Subscriptions should be sent direct to the Circulation Manager, *The Sketch*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Prizewinners happily holding their trophies are, *l. to r.*, Geoff Imhof, winner of the open-car class; Mrs. Ann Hall, winner of the Ladies' Trophy for open cars; and Monsieur M. Becquart, French winner of the closed-car class.

Buschman's German Porsche car waiting on the starting-line for the timed climb up the Kirkstone Pass.

On the final road section of the R.A.C. Rally, "Pathfinder" D. C. T. Bennett in his Jaguar, No. 40, finishes the timed climb over Hardknott Pass, in the Lake District.

A Woman's View of The R.A.C. Rally

By
Mrs. Kay Petre

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

WINNING the premier award in the Second R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain (March 31 to April 5) in his open two-seater Allard at Scarborough, famous trials driver Geoffrey Imhof, partnered by his married sister, chalked up another victory for this make of British car. Earlier this year an Allard won the Monte Carlo Rally.

Drivers from all over the country entered, among them Ian Appleyard, Leslie Johnson, the Reece cousins, Peter and Jack, Reg Harris, famous cyclist, "Pathfinder" Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett with a Jaguar, and Bob Foster, of motor-cycle fame.

That the eleven crews of women drivers meant business was clearly shown by the types of cars they were driving, and by the determined way in which they attacked the tests. Two ladies' awards were given for the open and closed classes.

Miss Mary Newton, of Huddersfield, with her sister Mrs. Ann Hall, who drove outstandingly in all the tests, were in an XK Jaguar. They finally carried off the Ladies' Cup in the open class and were placed ninth in the general classification, a performance that won them the admiration of their men rivals.

Also in a Jaguar was Miss Lorna Snow, of Sussex, while Mrs. D. M. Osborn, of Birmingham, was piloting a fast two-seater H.R.G. Miss Sadler who, with Miss Dunham, won the Ladies' Cup for closed cars, were in a Rover. Miss Burnley, of Bradford, also drove a Rover.

Besides the women drivers who teamed up into all-feminine crews were a number of wives or sisters who made up some of the men's crews. Ian Appleyard was partnered by his pretty young wife, Pat, who co-drives and navigates. Pat is anxious to run a ladies' team of her own in one of the big rallies, but her husband insists that she is indispensable to his successes in his Jaguar.

Peter Reece, driving in one of the Morgan teams, never saw his wife during the rally. She was co-driver with Mrs. Nancy Mitchell in an H.R.G., 1 hour 12 mins. behind her husband at each control. Geoff. Imhof had as co-driver his sister Mrs. Barbara Frayling, who did her share of driving the winning Allard into first place.

While the men visibly wilted on the long trek around Britain (there were only two night rests during the six days), the women drivers did manage to remain looking fresh and neat.

The six-day rally, ending at Scarborough, covered 1770 miles at an average speed of 24 m.p.h. through England, Scotland and Wales, taking in main and secondary roads, and in addition some little-used narrow roads over the high passes in Wales and the Lake District. Special tests were staged at intervals to weed out the less skilled drivers, and differentiate between cars. At the finish, a regularity test was run to decide the final winners. Only forty of the leading drivers were eligible.

Competing cars in the Rally had to be standard production models, built between 1947 and 1952 and run in normal touring trim. This regulation was on the grounds of safety so that no unroadworthy cars took part. Almost every make of British car was entered, from big Humber saloons, Austins, Rovers, down to tiny Morgans and M.G.s. Lending an international flavour to the Rally was Buschman's German Porsche saloon. M. M. Becquart, of Annecy, France, who won the closed-car class, drove a British Jowett Javelin.

To eliminate excessive speeding on open roads, penalties were imposed for too-fast driving and police and official observers were stationed at secret checks along the route. Those who ignored "Halt" signs, speed-limit areas, or broke other rules, were penalised, and

Mrs. Nancy Mitchell and Mrs. Doreen Reece, in their H.R.G. car, talk to Rally officials at the top of Kirkstone Pass, which is near Kendal. In the Rest-and-Be-Thankful Test in Scotland, Mrs. Mitchell put up the fastest time of the day in the 1½-litre class for open cars. Mrs. Reece's husband, Peter Reece, drove in one of the Morgan teams.

although most drivers adhered strictly to this regulation, many felt that this type of policing smacked of Gestapo methods and gave foreign competitors a wrong impression of motor-sport in this country.

Early on Monday morning, March 31, the Rally cars set out on the first stages of their journey from Hastings and Scarborough to join at Silverstone (Northants) for the first test. The Northern section had a trouble-free run, but those approaching Silverstone from the south met ice and snow conditions, with blocked roads and mile-long traffic jams. Several failed to arrive. Old timers said that conditions were "worse than the Monte Carlo Rally."

On arrival at Silverstone, competitors were annoyed to find that the ten-lap test of the Club circuit had been cancelled by the officials as being "too dangerous." Mush had covered the track at 7 a.m. when the decision to cancel the test was made, but by noon, when the first car was due to start, the surface was almost dry, and in the opinion of experienced drivers, perfectly safe. This upset the calculations of the drivers of fast cars who had hoped here to build up a lead over their rivals.

Cars were then dispatched at minute intervals from the Silverstone control, and the four-mile-long cavalcade streamed south-west to the Castle Combe aerodrome circuit near Chippenham, where a manœuvring test was carried out in the dark, producing a weird variety of lighting devices, varying from tiny pocket torches to lamps giving almost searchlight beams. From a distance, the aerodrome looked covered in giant fireflies.

Outstanding performances were put up by J. M. Readings (1½-litre M.G. saloon), R. S. Prout, in a blue "Hereford" saloon, and Leslie Johnson in his open two-seater Jaguar. To date none of the final winners had begun to emerge.

After this test, the rally convoy went on through the night to the next test in the cold, grey dawn on the military artillery range at Eppynt, near Llandulas, in the Welsh mountains. Crews of open cars shivered in the bitter air while they waited their turn, while those in closed saloons ran their engines to keep heaters working at maximum temperature.

By this time the pattern of the rally positions was beginning to show itself, with some of the

One of the Morgan teams, consisting of Peter Reece, D. Done and R. Dickson, await their turn at the starting-line of the Kirkstone Pass timed test on April 4. The other Morgan team won the team award.

Over the Wrynose Pass, with a tremendous valley behind it, an M.G. is followed by S. P. A. Freeman's Healey saloon.

Open and closed cars lined up for the test run round Oliver's Mount, Scarborough ; the car on the starting-line is G. S. Rolling's Healey. This was the last, and deciding, test of the Rally.

smallest cars well in the lead. Booth, in a Jowett " Jupiter," led the open-car class, with Bancroft, Morgan, second. The powerful " XK 120 " Jaguars had not yet met the type of test that allowed them to use their power to full advantage and lay some distance behind their smaller rivals.

From Eppynt the route lay north and west, further into the Welsh mountains, with a breakfast stop at Llandrindod Wells, a crossing of Bwylch-y-Groes, and on to Blackpool for another test—and a welcome night's rest in bed.

Bright sunshine and a clear evening made the run into Blackpool a pleasant affair, and cars and drivers were given a roaring welcome by the early holiday visitors. A tricky manœuvring test was staged here, and late arrivals drove it in the dark. Notable performances were put up by Imhof (Allard), Neilson and Appleyard (Jaguars), all three of whom completed the test in 19 secs.

When the Sunbeam Talbot team, captained by Norman Garrad, pulled into the control, Viscountess Erleigh, driving with Miss S. van Damm, of Windmill fame, was ill. A doctor forbade her to continue, and Mrs. Molly Hardman, wife of a Blackpool doctor, took Lady Erleigh's place. Shortly after, the car was retired from the Rally.

Excitement was mounting, as Bancroft had piloted his Morgan into the lead, with Appleyard lying second in his Jaguar and another Morgan driven by Goodall was third. Leading the closed-car class was Prout, with his big Austin " Hereford." Miss Newton and Mrs. Hall in their Jaguar were creeping up, and were lying sixteenth.

Although the distance and the stiff tests were taking toll of a number of cars (twenty-five had retired at this stage), a heavily laden touring limousine, with a full-loaded luggage grid on its roof, was still bravely in the running. This was a big Armstrong-Siddeley entered by Victor Bridgen, who wanted to show dollar visitors to Britain that our touring types of limousines were capable of fast driving over all types of roads in this country. To further demonstrate

Among a party at the Kirkstone Pass inn after the timed test up the Pass are, on the right, Monsieur M. Becquart with Miss Hazel Dunham (*left*) and Miss C. Sadler, who won the Ladies' Cup in the closed-car class.

the comfort of touring in dignity, one of London's top models made up part of the crew.

A 281-mile drive from Blackpool through the Lake District up to Scotland saw another nine cars out of the rally.

Despite another night's rest in Edinburgh, the distance and pace were beginning to show on cars and drivers as they came down from the Scottish run to the Lake District for the second trip over the Ulpha, Hardknott and Wrynose Passes, up to the final road-section climb over the Kirkstone Pass. "The Rally will be won or lost over this section," everyone said. Three regularity tests were run over this bleak and desolate country. Early that morning, Friday, the fifth day of the Rally, I had driven over the course in the big Vauxhall "Velox" saloon with which I had been following the event for *The Sketch*, and I marvelled at the rugged stamina of the normal British driver. Eight of the women's crews were still in the running, and the skill with which Mrs. Ann Hall handled the Jaguar up the timed passes was equal to the best men drivers.

When the tired crews drove their cars over the finishing line at Scarborough later that afternoon, only 4·4 marks separated the seven leading cars. In first place was Bancroft (Morgan), second Appleyard (Jaguar), Peter Morgan (Morgan) and Goodall (Morgan), third and fourth, with Imhof (Allard) fifth.

The Oliver's Mount racing circuit decided the winner next day. Cars had to cover two marked sections at the same speed on a non-stop run round the circuit. With a superbly timed piece of driving, Imhof covered the circuit to record the fastest time of the day. This brought him from fifth into first place. Positions changed with lightning rapidity. Appleyard (Jaguar) dropped from second to third place; Broadhead (Jaguar) climbed from seventh to second; Christie (Jaguar) from ninth to fourth; and Bancroft slid downhill from the lead to tenth, one place behind Mrs. Hall in the Newton Jaguar, who had come up to ninth.

Only by cool-headed driving did Mrs. Hall achieve her success. On the trial run round the circuit her car misfired. About to open the bonnet and make a minor adjustment, several of her nearest men rivals rushed up and prevented her, reminding her that by opening the bonnet and making any repair during a test, she would be disqualified. Not knowing whether the engine would run properly or not, she drove off the starting line with a burst of speed, to put up a polished performance.

At the prize-giving that evening, no competitor winning an award got a louder or more prolonged applause than small, 5-ft.-3-in. Mrs. Hall and her sister Mary Newton.

Mrs. Ann Hall (*right*) receiving the Ladies' Trophy for open cars from Mrs. J. Hardcastle, Mayoress of Scarborough; *left*, her sister, Miss Mary Newton, in whose name the winning Jaguar was entered.

Ian Appleyard leaning against the wing of his Jaguar while waiting for his turn in the Oliver's Mount test; Geoff Imhof, winner of the Rally and open-car class, beside him, and other competitors watching.

A London model who was a crew member in the Rally, stepping out of Mr. Victor Bridgen's Armstrong-Siddeley limousine as she arrived at the prize-giving banquet at Scarborough.

L. to r.: Mrs. and Col. S. L. Bibby, Miss Joanna and Mr. Paul Bibby, Miss Elizabeth Todhunter, Miss Anne Carey-Foster, Mr. Robin Farrington and Miss Jean Chirnside.

Miss Joanna Bibby, whose father was a vice-chairman of the dance, Mr. Brian Lascelle and Miss Bridget Mulholland enjoying themselves. The Surrey Branch of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs was formed two years ago.

L. to r.: The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman, chairman of the dance committee; Mr. John Freemantle, Miss Bridget Mulholland, Mr. Vernon Thornton, Miss Diana Blacker, Lady Doris Blacker's débutante daughter; Mr. John Liarcet and Miss Erica Bridgeman, the chairman's débutante daughter.

Charity Ball at Dorking

Miss Rosemary Cameron dancing with Mr. Christopher Slade. Nearly everyone at the ball was young, and up in old-world modern dancing.

Another couple dancing the now-so-popular Gay Gordons are Mr. Anthony Catterall and Miss Rosemary Smith, one of the sub-débutantes.

Watching the draw for the tombola are Mr. Leveson-Gower and Major E. A. Calvert, in pink coats with mourning arm-bands; Brig. E. Goulburn with a cigarette; Mrs. P. G. Evelyn, Mrs. E. A. Calvert and Miss Calvert.

L. to r.: Capt. R. Stormont-Darling, Miss Clarissa Bowen, Mr. Mervyn Heald, Miss Elizabeth Grenfell, Mr. Harry Fenn, Miss Delia Pearson, Lady Heald and Miss B. Rapson.

L. to r.: Miss Rosemary Clifford-Turner, Mr. John Dickie, Miss Jill Peerless, Miss Judith Clifford-Turner, Mr. John Moss and Mr. Robert Barford (standing), Miss Jennifer Syr[illegible], Mr. Vivian Esch, Miss Valerie Pratt and Mr. Emerson Griffin.

On Friday April 4 there was a dance at the Dorking Halls in aid of the Surrey branch of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. The Duchess of Northumberland is president of the branch, the Countess of Onslow chairman, and Mrs. R. G. Liddell vice-chairman. Lady Onslow and Mrs. Liddell are respectively president and vice-chairman of the dance committee, of which the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman is chairman. Tommy Kinsman's band played and parties brought by people on the committee included débutantes of this year, last year and next year.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Looking at the tombola prizes for which many tickets were sold, *l. to r.*: Mrs. G. Bentall, Mr. Stefan Knapp, Miss Sally Meller, Mr. Tom Hughes, Miss Barbara Bower, Mr. M. Gilbert and Mr. Peter Scott.

Miss Janet Hamilton (*left*) and the Hon. Mary Stopford, a granddaughter of the Earl of Courtown, are sub-débutantes; with them are Sir John Riddell (*left*) and Mr. Peter Baring. Sir John succeeded his father the year he was born.

The Countess of Onslow, dance committee president, drawing a tombola number, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman, chairman, *right*.

Miss Jenny Tod, nicely "sprayed" with flowers, dancing with Mr. Simon Booth during a long and successful evening which helped a good cause.

Photographed by Baron.

A DRYAD IN THE EAST

Miss Claude Lamotte is photographed in the beautiful grounds of the British Embassy at Bangkok; her mother, Mrs. G. S. Wallinger, is the wife of the British Ambassador to Thailand. Miss Lamotte, who is standing among the down-growing branches of a famous tree which is hundreds of years old, is one of the most popular of the younger Europeans in Bangkok.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

APRIL 3.—Works to be shown in the British Pavilion at the Venice Biennale were to be seen in the British Council Fine Arts Department which lurks in a huge building approached from the back by a little street off New Oxford Street. There was no room for Henry Moore's *Double Standing Figure*, which goes to Venice, nor for Graham Sutherland's huge mural from the South Bank Exhibition, but there were masses of paintings by him, including the delightfully yellow portrait of Somerset Maugham, which includes primrose and daffodil against an egg-yolk background. Particularly pleasant examples of Mr. Sutherland's green period were the pictures of thorn trees, one of them from the collection of Sir Kenneth Clark, another from Sir Colin Anderson's and a beauty from the British Council's own collection.

The other pictures are by Edward Wadsworth, who died in 1949. The most obviously attractive to ordinary people are the earliest ones : two charmers of Marseilles, painted in 1924 and '25, and *Dunkerque* (1924) with splendid ships in it ; an even earlier wood engraving of a ship's stern is all black and white swirls like an optical delusion. A 1945 *Flower Piece* is a great, looming, giant rose, beautifully bright, and full-blown in an angular way.

Work by eight young sculptors is being sent, including Reg Butler's *Woman*, in iron, which is like the skeleton of one of Henry Moore's reclining ladies ; Lynn Chadwick contributes some rather fascinating iron and bronze pieces that look like the jawbones of very sharp-toothed sharks.

In the evening, champagne and smoked salmon were consumed in a basement where rats had for years led carefree lives among old newspapers and packing-cases. Their old home, at 65, South Audley Street, has now been groomed for stardom and turned into a bright, smart snack-bar by Mrs. Hartman, of Luckington Manor, near Badminton. She also has two farms ; they and her gardens will provide chickens, eggs, turkeys, fruit and vegetables as delicious snacks for the bar. Dorothy Hartman hunts with the Beaufort, like her friend, Christabel, Lady Ampthill, who was at the party to launch the snack-bar ; so were Lord Lyle, Major and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. Eddie Tatham, Mrs. Greville Baylis, Lady Maxwell Fyfe and many more.

APRIL 4.—Lord and Lady Belstead took a party of sixteen people, mostly young, to the Savoy to celebrate the coming of age of their daughter, Miss Jill Ganzoni ; it was not her actual birthday but there was a cake and a jolly, coming-of-age atmosphere. Lord Belstead, who was at one time Conservative M.P. for Ipswich, and Lady Belstead live at Stoke Park, near Ipswich ; their son John is up at Oxford.

MARCH 31.—FROM AUSTRALIA. A sunlit family party in the gardens of Government House, Adelaide, are, *l. to r.*, Lady Norrie, Miss Sarah Norrie, Sir Willoughby Norrie and the Misses Anabel Adelaide and Rosemary Norrie.

APRIL 2.—STATE VISIT. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard being greeted on their arrival at the National Airport in Washington by President and Mrs. Harry Truman.

APRIL 3.—AT SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE. *Left*, the High Commissioner for India, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, and the High Commissioner for South Africa, Dr. A. L. Geyer, at the reception which celebrated South Africa's tercentenary. *Right*, Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton.

APRIL 4.—GAY EVENING AT COVENT GARDEN. At the first night of *Bonne-Bouche*, *left*, Mr. Osbert Lancaster, who designed clothes and scenery; Nicole Breton, prima ballerina of the Stadt Theater, Basle; John Cranko, choreographer of *Bonne-Bouche*; and Arthur Oldham, who composed the music. *Right:* Margot Fonteyn with Frederick Ashton.

APRIL 5.—AT THE QUORN POINT-TO-POINT. *Left:* Miss Barbara Breitmayer, Miss Caroline Levy and Sir Ewart Levy. *Right:* Miss P. Wint, who won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on *Wolsey*. The customary week-end weather did its worst, but point-to-point enthusiasts are quite used to that.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

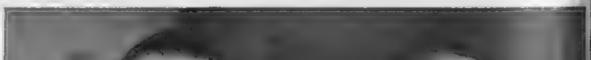
APRIL 4.—The 237th exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours opened at 26, Conduit Street. The mass of contributors include Lady Patricia Ramsay, whose *White-Humped Bull* is attractive. A departure from Dame Laura Knight's usual subjects is a Turneresque dawn called *Early Morning*; Lord Methuen, Sir William Russell Flint, Edward Ardizzone, and many other well-known painters are represented.

In the evening there was a tremendous crowd at Covent Garden for the first night of John Cranko's new ballet, *Bonne-Bouche*. Osbert Lancaster designed the clothes and scenery; on his drop curtain is a parody of the African bit of the Albert Memorial, but no memorial, just doves and distance; a delicious tie-up of Kensington and Africa, the ballet's two localities. Among the people who laughed and enjoyed it were the Duchess Primo de Rivera, wife of the Spanish Ambassador; the Duchess of Rutland; Violet, Lady Donegal; Lady Keynes, who was Lydia Lopokova, famous dancer and memorable in *Façade*, with which the new ballet has a little in common; Mr. Christopher Loder; Mr. Edward Sackville-West, musician, writer and son of Lord Sackville; Lord and Lady Wakehurst; Sir Steuart and Lady Wilson; Dame Ninette de Valois; Mr. James Smith, Lord Hambledon's son; Mr. and Mrs. John Piper; Mrs. Geoffrey Coleman, and many more.

APRIL 5.—The South and West Wilts point-to-point was run at the new course at Cannfield Farm, Shaftesbury, this year for the first time, but because of the sad mud, tractors had to be used to haul out embedded cars, and everyone was clammy in mackintoshes and gum-boots. The very popular Master is Major John Morrison, who is also M.P. for Salisbury; his eldest son, who is twenty-one, has just announced his engagement to Miss Clare Barclay.

The ladies' race, which was run in pelting rain, was won by Miss Harvey Murray on *Gay Peri*, a combination which has been doing very well this season; Miss Jill Parham's *Sea Day* was second and *Dark Tapster* third. The open race, for the gold Prince of Wales challenge cup, which was presented years ago by the Duke of Windsor, was won by Mr. Payne's *Navarre*.

The South and West Wilts is one of the oldest packs in the country and the uniform is plum colour instead of the usual scarlet; one of the keenest members is Miss Leila Holman, Vivien Leigh's daughter by her first marriage. She lives with her father, Commander Holman, at Woodlands Manor, Mere.



APRIL 7.—WHITE CARNATIONS FOR SAINTS AND RED FOR SINNERS. The Saints' and Sinners' Club had a dinner at Claridges; among people who went were, *left*, Sir Harold Scott, Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. *Right:* Prince Georg of Denmark and Lord Justice Birkett.

APRIL 7.—Lots of frolicsome plays have been written about the Navy, but the ones presented by naval personnel in the Royal Naval Drama Festival finals at the Scala Theatre were of a very different nature. The winner, presented by H.M.S. *Ganges*, was a difficult piece called *A Provincial Lady*, by Turgenev ; also in the finals were H.M.S. *Nuthatch*, with something simpler called *Our Tommy*, and H.M.S. *Jupiter*, who rather confusingly presented the third act of that always rather confusing play, *Grand National Night*.

The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Ganges*, the winner, was there to see a gallant team mastering the difficulties of being Russians 100 years ago ; he is Captain J. F. Whitfield. Mrs. Whitfield was there too ; other distinguished naval people included the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas ; the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Roderick R. McGrigor, and Lady McGrigor ; the Second Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, and Lady Madden ; Air Vice-Marshal A. H. Robson and Mrs. Robson ; Vice-Admiral Anstice, the Fifth Sea Lord, and many more.

APRIL 11.—Almost everything stops on Good Friday, but not trains : we travelled to Stafford quickly and comfortably in an almost empty carriage which was a restful way of spending the afternoon, though it seemed a pity not to be out in the sunny fields instead of snuffing up railway carriage soot and steam.

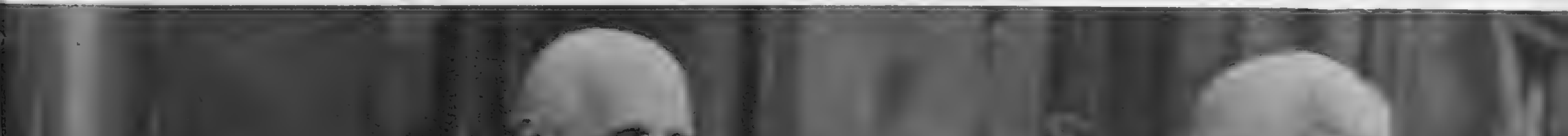
The first interesting character we met at Ingestre, Lord and Lady Shrewsbury's house, was a mad cock pheasant which spends its time patrolling the edge of the drive and dashing eccentrically at and after passing cars. In the house were the Shrewsburys, their four daughters, the Ladies Charlotte, Rose, Kate and Marguerite, ranging from thirteen to just under two ; Lady Shrewsbury's sister, Mrs. Sylvia Heber-Percy and her younger daughter, Deirdre ; her brother, Major Crofton, and his young daughter Alicia. He is writing a history of the Talbot family, which has taken fifteen years of research ; is now likely to be ready in a year or two. A lovely dance was given at Ingestre when Mrs. Heber-Percy's elder daughter, Venetia, came out ; it is a beautiful Jacobean house to which floodlighting was very becoming. Much of the inside was devoured by a frightful fire in the nineteenth century and very little of the original panelling remains ; what there is, in an enormous room shaped like a keyhole, is very thick ; deeply and plainly carved, with the same colour and polish as choir-stalls of the period.

Besides some lovely pictures, tapestries and furniture, there were lots of splendid flowers in the house, including, in the hall, a potted and exuberantly blooming hybrid rhododendron-azalea which smelt delicious. Two of the three poodles were out hunting ; only Mrs. Heber-Percy's *Mimosa* was in, fluffy and proud. One delightful picture is by Stubbs, of a very self-conscious and slightly fear-stricken white poodle crossing a river in a boat.

APRIL 7.—INDONESIAN MUSIC IN GROSVENOR SQUARE. *Left*, the Indonesian Ambassador and Mme. Hurustiati Subandrio at the reception they gave for an evening of Indonesian music and dances at the Embassy. *Right*, one of the dancers and some of the audience.

APRIL 9.—PUCKERIDGE POINT-TO-POINT. *L. to r.*, Captain C. Barclay, Joint Master, Miss J. Hoare and Mrs. Barclay.

APRIL 9.—N.Z. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Doidge (*left*) gave a reception for Mrs. Ross (*right*) ; *centre* : the High Commissioner for Pakistan and his wife.



APRIL 10.—THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT. The Queen arriving at Westminster Abbey to distribute the Royal Maundy money—26 specially-minted silver Maundy pence, one for each year of her age, to 26 old people. On the coins was the impression of her late father's head as there had not been time to substitute her own.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

APRIL 10.—S.H.A.P.E. PARTY IN PARIS. General Eisenhower gave a party. *L. to r.*, Lady Power, Admiral Sir Patrick Brind and Admiral Sir Arthur Power.

APRIL 13.—AFTER AN EASTER SERVICE. General and Mrs. Eisenhower leaving the American Protestant Cathedral in Paris ; behind them Mrs. Gordon Moore (*left*), and Mrs. Walton Walker.

APRIL 14.—CHILDREN'S HORSE SHOW. Twelve-year-old Christine Harries with the Lord Herbert Perpetual Challenge Cup, which she won with her mount, *Kavora Graceful*, at the Iver Children's Horse Show.

APRIL 12.—The Uttoxeter April meeting was the first since 1939 ; stands and course were all in pristine order and some very good horses running. Inhabitants of Staffordshire and the neighbourhood turned up in quantities, and horses came from all over the country.

The most popular win was a local one : Lord Shrewsbury's *Tout a L'Heure*, a beautiful French-bred horse by *Atout Royale* out of *Logique*. He is a six-year-old half-brother of *Russian Hero*, and won the Bromley Handicap Steeplechase carrying 12 st. ; Lord Shrewsbury hopes to run him in the National two years hence. Other winners were Mrs. O. Tudor Hart's *Bronzino*, Mrs. V. Fanshawe's *Tomtopia*, and Mr. R. L. Newton's *Misty Star*. Mr. W. A. Tellwright was a popular local third in the Osmaston Novices' Steeplechase on his *Cottage Friend*.

Lord Willoughby de Broke was there ; Mrs. Fanshawe saw her horse win the second race ; Lieut.-Colonel Chandos-Pole, who is a cousin of hers, came with the Ingestre party, which included all the girls except Marguerite, the youngest ; the stewards were Sir Edward Hanmer, Sir William Fielden, Colonel R. Thompson and Mr. J. S. Cadman.

APRIL 14.—Back in London by Monday, we went to Kempton Park races, attracted by the idea of spending the lovely sunny day economically and pleasantly on the course. This was not to be, as what appeared to be at least a million people had had the same idea ; a row of turnstiles ticked in the new reduced price of 3s. 6d. as fast as clocks ; once inside, it was a job to keep one's feet on the ground and prevent one's clothes from being dragged off by the pressure of a hectically scrambling mob. Our party was soon wrenched in different directions and did not meet again ; little boys, lucky on the shoulders of patient fathers, were the only people in a position to watch the racing and were plagued with urgent questions by anxious punters. As the little boys seemed only to be interested in Gordon Richards and Lester Piggott, regardless of their mounts, their information was limited. Gordon had a good win on *Frequency* in the Coventry Foal Stakes ; we had backed the Aga Khan's *Mehmandar*, but did not manage to glimpse the famous green and chocolate colours as they just made second place.

A few parties made space for themselves by sitting on the ground and somehow managing to spread dangerous-looking picnics, including lots of bottles, around them ; tiny babies in arms provided useful priority in queues for the bookmakers and, eventually, transport home.

APRIL 14.—GOODWOOD MOTOR RACES. *Left*, Juan Fangio, the Argentine ace, driving a Cooper ; Sidney Allard behind in one of his own Allards during the Chichester Cup race which was won by Britain's John Hawthorn in a Cooper. *Right*, the Duke of Kent (with his camera) and his brother, Prince Michael.

APRIL 14.—Later in the crowded Easter Monday evening *The Merry Widow* opened at the Stoll and a packed house gulped down the dear old tunes, brooding over a remembered or unknown past according to age. Miss Margaret Mitchell is the Widow and the cast includes Mr. Peter Graves and Mr. Jerry Verno. The production could hardly hope to have quite the plushy sumptuousness of the Edwardian original but it has a jolly good try. Among people enjoying it were the Dowager Lady Gainsborough and her younger son, Mr. Gerard Noel.

APRIL 15.—Visited Sir John Soane's museum, which is in the house he designed for himself in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Disgruntled with his sons, he spent the end of his life collecting and arranging treasures, and when he died endowed the house as a museum for the benefit of "amateurs and students." It is quite small and simply crammed-jammed full of stuff; pictures are treble thick in the Picture Room, where panels open out to reveal layers beneath. The top layer is mostly taken up with Hogarth's eight pictures of *The Rake's Progress* and his four of *The Election*, which consists of very jolly scenes of corruption, greed and animosity, ending with *The Polling* at which a bewildered queue of the halt and blind are being helped to vote.

Mr. A. P. Spooner, chairman of a new club called *La Fiesta*, which sets out to provide some social life for the hard-up young, told us some of their plans: the most immediate is an Easter Ball at Londonderry House on Friday, the 18th, to which about 350 members are going. Tickets are only 6s. for members and 8s. for guests and include a cabaret; the idea is to organise cost-price parties of a high standard; everyone in evening clothes, and decorum and dignity preserved in surroundings with "atmosphere." Monthly dances and cocktail parties of this nature are laid on; the next cocktail party, to which Mrs. Odette Churchill has been invited, is planned for April 23. The annual subscription to the Club is 15s. and more information can be had from Mr. Spooner at 830, Nell Gwynn House, Sloane Avenue, S.W.3: Kensington 3303, in the evenings only.

APRIL 16.—From Ireland came news of yesterday's wedding at St. Paul's, Glin, County Limerick, between Mr. Michael Severne and Miss Rachel Fitz-Gerald, of Glin Castle. Her late father was the legendary-sounding Knight of Glin; she was given away by her godfather, Lord Adare, son of Lord Dunraven, who is ninety-five: if he lives to be 100 that will surely be a record for an Earl. Lord Adare's daughter, Miss Melissa Wyndham-Quin, was one of the bridesmaids; others were Miss Fiola Fitz-Gerald, the bride's sister; Lady Rose Bligh, Lord Darnley's seventeen-year-old daughter; Miss Amanda Birkin, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Birkin; Miss Gwynwth Tighe and Miss Susan Dyke-Dennis. They all wore dresses made of pink lace over mauve organdie and carried tulips and lilies-of-the-valley; the bride's white organza dress was embroidered with pearls. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. E. C. Severne and Mrs. Severne; Mr. Timothy Parker was best man.

APRIL 15.—THE PRIMATE AND HIS SONS. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, officiated at the wedding of his son Charles to Miss Ann Hammond at Canterbury Cathedral; his five other sons, Messrs. Frank, Tim, Harry, Humphrey and Robert, were ushers; the bride's brother is in the middle.

APRIL 16.—FIRST DAY OF THE £1350 SILVER KING GOLF TOURNAMENT FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS AT MOOR PARK. *Left*, Seventeen-year-old D. C. Thomas, of Leeds who went round the High Course in 69. *Right*, Harry Weetman, the match-play champion; his first-round score was 67.

APRIL 16.—AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION Norman von Nida driving off from the first on the High Course. This 72-hole stroke-play contest is the first of the season.

APRIL 16.—DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE. Also competing in the tournament was J. Panton, of Glenbervie, who got round in 69; watching him drive off is O. M. Wynn, of Lilleybrook.

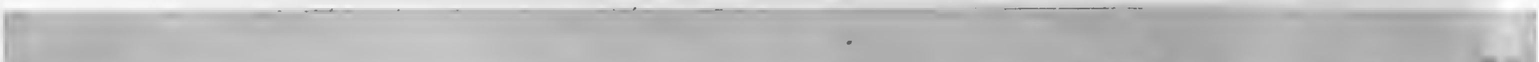
Leading in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race is the winner, Miss Tessa Covell on Mr. E. H. Covell's *Hurlement*. With her are Miss G. Darnell on Mr. F. Butler's *Peppiatt*, the grey, which finished third, and Miss J. Cook on Mr. P. W. Hicks's *Playboy VI*.

THE COWDRAY POINT-TO-POINT

There were plenty of people and some good entries at the Cowdray point-to-point at Cowdray Park, Lord Cowdray's home at Midhurst. There is also a polo ground in the park; Lord Cowdray is a keen player. The point-to-point was on Easter Monday, April 14, an excellent day for racing all over the country, with fine weather and good going.

L. to r., Major J. P. Robinson, the well-known polo player, with Mr. F. L. Withers, Master of the Cowdray Hounds.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman with their daughters Roselle and Sarah. Mrs. Norman is a daughter of Lord Trent.



L. to r., Mr. and Mrs. John Lakin, Colonel Peter Dollar, Miss B. Muirhead and Miss W. Plam. Mr. Lakin is a well-known polo player.

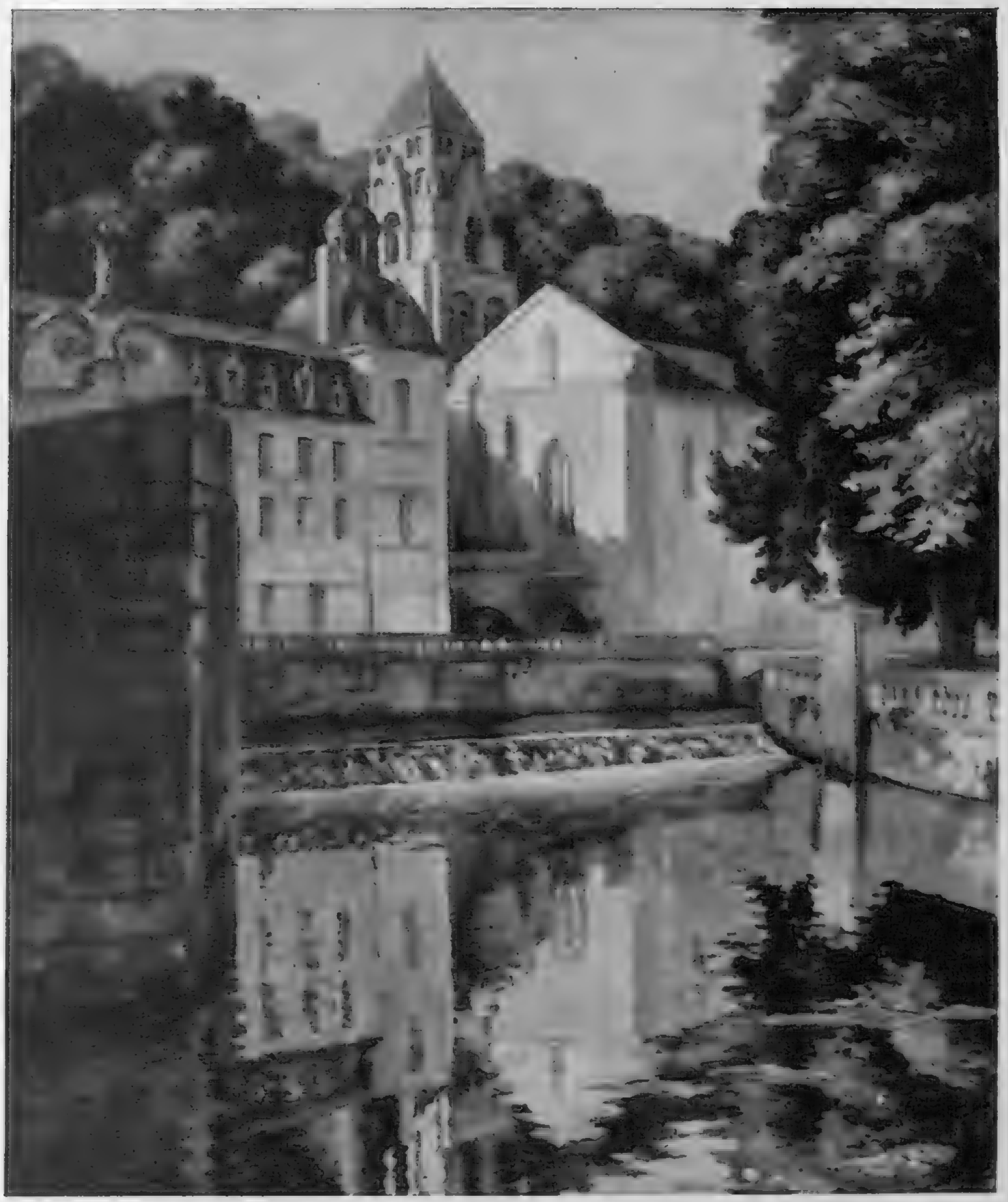
Decorative Debutantes

Above: The Lady Caroline Child-Villiers is the elder daughter of the Earl of Jersey and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson. Lady Caroline has lately returned here from Paris, where she has been finishing her education. Her dance is to be at the Spanish Embassy, the first given there for some years. The house, a big corner one in Belgrave Square, has been lent to her mother by the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke Miguel of Primo de Rivera ; he and his wife are old friends of Mrs. Wilson's. Lady Caroline has a half-brother, Viscount Villiers, born in 1948, and a half-sister, Lady Isabella Child-Villiers, born in 1950.

Right: The Lady Carey Coke, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, is finishing a course at the House of Citizenship at Ashridge, where she has been specialising in citizenship and art. She is fond of drawing and painting and is also interested in decorating pottery, which is made by her mother and sister, Lady Anne, at Holkham Hall, in Norfolk, where a splendid coming-out dance was given for Lady Anne two years ago. Lady Carey is to share a dance with Lady Annabel Vane-Tempest-Stewart at Londonderry House, which used to be the home of Lady Annabel's parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry.

Photographed by Bassano.

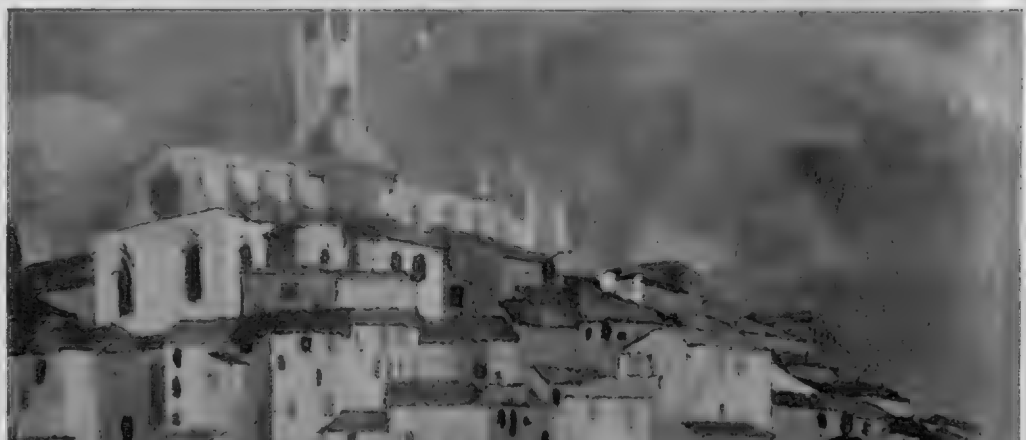
PAST



Left: Church and Weir, Brantôme, was painted in 1923 by Roger Fry, who scandalised the British public by his introduction to England of the works of Cézanne, Matisse, Seurat, van Gogh, Gaugin and precubist Picasso in the Post-Impressionist exhibition of 1910.

Below: Self-Portrait was painted by Fry in 1925; he looks as disinterested and almost fanatical about art as he was.

Portrait of Miss Nina Hamnett shows us that interesting and still very productive painter and writer in her youth.



Tivoli is one of Roger Fry's earlier works and shows how strongly he was influenced by Cézanne at that time. The whiteness of the houses stands out among soft colours.

AND PRESENT

ROGER FRY, of whom Sir Kenneth Clark has written, "Incomparably the greatest influence on taste in England since Ruskin," died nearly twenty years ago; his fame as lecturer, critic and writer on art, is legendary; his painting, to which he attached greatest importance of all, was the least famous of his gifts. At 4, St. James's Square, the Arts Council have an exhibition of his pictures, some of which are reproduced on the opposite page.

Sir Cedric Morris's pictures on this page have been this month's one-man show at the Leicester Galleries. His first exhibition was with the Arts League of Service in 1924 and he has had many since; his work has been bought by the Contemporary Art Society and a number of museums and public collections.

La Montagne St. Victoire is one of Morris's gentler works; grass, sky and mountain are painted in soft colours with fairly thick brushwork.

The Momentous, by Cedric Morris, is in very brilliant colour; the bird hunts the butterfly in a garden of giant, blazing flowers.

Spoonbills. With their preposterous bills crossed like swords, these fancy birds confront their audience; Cedric Morris often paints birds.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

THE YOUNG ELIZABETH

(New)

ONE of my favourite stage directions is from "Ladbroke Brown's" *Savonarola*: "Enter Michael Angelo. Andrea del Sarto appears for a moment at a window. Pippa passes. Brothers of the Misericordia go by, singing a requiem for Francesca da Rimini. Enter Boccaccio, Benvenuto Cellini, and many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves." Max Beerbohm, writing with a glint in the eye, knew the temptation of the historical dramatist to overdo things, to cram everybody into the box and to sit on the lid.

At first glance you may wonder about the programme of *The Young Elizabeth*. Things look ominous. Here are Katharine Parr and Mary Tudor, William Cecil and Bishop Gardiner, Elizabeth Tudor and Robert Dudley and Sir Thomas Wyatt. Is the evening, then, to be spent in listening to a variety of Highly Characteristic Remarks? Do not worry. This piece, by two Americans, Jennette Dowling and Francis Letton, is an intelligent and impressive play, not a waxwork clutter. If you respected *Richard of Bordeaux*, you should respect this. It is imaginative without being wildly, irresponsibly inventive; the drama is not forced; and the major personages walk upon the stage from their own period: they are not actors in fancy-dress who have wandered into the New Theatre. That being so, it is easy to forgive a certain lagging in the text and a lack of inspiration in Charles Hickman's treatment of an episodic play.

The night spans two reigns. At curtain-rise, Henry the Eighth is dead. At curtain-fall Elizabeth is Queen. She is one of three Queens in the cast: Kate Parr, Henry the Eighth's sixth wife, who survived him and who died in childbed as the wife of Lord Thomas Seymour; Mary Tudor, the strange, disappointed woman whose death freed Elizabeth from a long test of endurance; and Elizabeth herself, Anne Boleyn's daughter. All of these parts are beautifully acted: Katharine Parr (who fades from the scene early) by Margaretta Scott, with her warmth and command; Mary by Peggy Thorpe-Bates, a subtle study in torment; and Elizabeth by Mary Morris, who has an imperious dignity, a clear-flashing spirit worthy of the Queen to be. This, from hoydenish entrance to new-born royalty at Hatfield, is a performance of thorough understanding, and the actress grows with the part: she does not remain, as so many lesser players would, behind the same mask throughout.

It is a women's play. Some of the men lack any special period quality; but Robert Atkins, as Elizabeth's faithful follower Parry, shows to some of our restless young actors what repose can mean in the theatre, and Godfrey Kenton, as Cecil, obliges us to wonder again why his merits are not more generally recognised. We come back always to Elizabeth. It is the strength of Mary Morris that she does foreshadow the greatness of the Queen. This is no puppet of the Characteristic Remark. It is Elizabeth the First of England, the Gloriana to come. At present the day is just dawning, and in this Elizabethan daybreak, Mary Morris serves her authors as well as they have served her.

THE YOUNG ELIZABETH. The three Queens: *left to right*, Elizabeth, played by Mary Morris with an imperious dignity and clear-flashing spirit; Katharine Parr portrayed by Margaretta Scott with warmth and command; Mary Tudor by Peggy Thorpe-Bates is a subtle study in torment.

. . . with J. C. TREWIN

WINTER JOURNEY. Michael Redgrave as Frank Elgin and Googie Withers as his wife during the interval in Frank's dressing-room, on the New York first night.

★ Also Chosen ★

WINTER JOURNEY

(St. James's)

EIGHT years ago Michael Redgrave gave, in *Uncle Harry*, a character study of a haunted man that stayed uncomfortably in the mind. It did not seem like an impersonation, but the truth itself; the man was built from a multitude of tiny, intensely-studied details. So is it now with Frank Elgin, the part that Redgrave acts at the St. James's. Here also is a haunted man. He has not committed murder, as Uncle Harry did; we can call his crime an attempt at artistic suicide. Drink has driven him from his star position in the theatre to a point when he is a pathetically self-conscious fumbler, his memory hazed, his career in wreck.

It is then that we meet him. A young producer who has the vision granted to few of us, believes in Elgin; believes that he can re-establish the man on Broadway. An exacting part is suddenly vacant; Elgin, astonished, is cast for it; and Clifford Odets (the American author of *Winter Journey*) turns the light upon a curious triangle: actor, wife and producer. It is a pity that, for so much of the play, the dramatist flashes the light into our eyes. He deceives us deliberately, allows us to credit Elgin's story that he started to drink only when saving Georgie, his wife, from dipsomania. As the producer does, we look suspiciously at Georgie Elgin. Can she be a drag upon her husband? What is the meaning of her watchfulness, her strange reserve about Frank's great chance, her attitude to his producer?

We learn, of course, that Frank's story was just a part of a weak man's defence mechanism: that he cannot do without Georgie, who has guarded him through the years of decline (and has found her love fading in the process). But Clifford Odet's queer trick of construction means that for two-thirds of the evening Googie Withers has to act against the audience. She carries her burden without apparent strain. Sam Wanamaker, who produces, plays the determined young producer—pleasant type-casting—with a sharp, keen directness. But Michael Redgrave holds the night. Just as Uncle Harry did years ago, Frank Elgin lives before us: the failure who has a gleam of genius, a natural actor who is forever battling against himself, a man with a pathetic assumption of jauntiness in private life, and sudden bursts of almost uncontrollable power on the stage. It is not a front-rank play, but Elgin is an actor's delight, and Michael Redgrave—in and out of the Boston and New York dressing-rooms—grasps and uses every chance.

HENRY THE SIXTH, Part III.

(Birmingham Repertory)

LAST year, when Sir Barry Jackson staged the second part of *King Henry the Sixth* at Birmingham, Shakespeareans came from all over the country. And on the first night of Part Three this year I met two students from Aberdeen, bent on collecting a play that seems to be as much of a rarity in the theatre as Halley's Comet in the skies. Sir Barry, in these unexpected revivals (produced by Douglas Seale) has shown—as scholars overlook—that the trilogy of the Wars of the Roses was written for performance, not to lie dusty in the text. To appreciate the plays we must hear and see them in action. I shall be surprised if, after this resurrection, theatre-people do not turn more often to the wan Henry the Sixth; the "she-wolf," Margaret; and Richard of Gloucester, who will be Richard the Third.

These parts are acted excitingly at Birmingham by Jack May, who expresses Henry's famous yearning for a shepherd's life; Rosalind Boxall, an actress of dynamic force; and Paul Daneman. And now, Sir Barry, may we have Part One?

Present and Future

THIS is our week with the ants and the frogs. The ants (life-size) are in Sam Spewack's farcical fable, *Under the Sycamore Tree*, which opens to-night (April 23) at the Aldwych, with Alec Guinness, Diana Churchill and the Oliver Messel *décor*.

To-morrow night (April 24) we have the story of the frogs that pester Rear-Admiral Sir Benjamin McGuffie: merely an incident in the comedy, *Lords of Creation*, which Donald Wolfit is himself presenting at the Vaudeville. See picture on the next page.

CHANGING THE GUARD

In a way, it is a pity that Peter Jones has changed the title of his light comedy, *Song of the Centipede* (which I saw at Kew not long ago) to *Sweet Madness*. Centipedes would have gone well with ants and frogs. Geraldine McEwan is now to reappear in a part that she created; Richard Attenborough takes up the other lead; and Martin Miller is still the mad psychiatrist. Laurence Naismith and Robin Bailey are newcomers. The piece, produced by Jack Minster for Jack de Leon, begins next Monday (April 28) at the New Theatre, Oxford.

A BUSY NIGHT

Next Monday seems to be a fruitful date for provincial openings. Thus Diana Morgan's *After My Fashion* goes then to the Palace, Plymouth, with Valerie White, Sonia Dresdel, Michael Shepley, Diana Morgan, Eileen Moore, and Richard Johnson. John Forbes-Sempill, a new twenty-four-year-old actor-manager, presents it, and it will come into the Ambassadors on May 8. *The Hollow*, to be withdrawn a few days earlier, will have run for eleven months, 375 performances. The other out-of-town opening on Monday is *To Live in Peace*, Victor Rietti's version of G. Forzano's Italian comedy, with Rietti himself as the benevolent priest: the part he acted in television. The provincial tour begins at Harrow.

LINE OF SUCCESSION

There are more changes at the Old Vic. Tyrone Guthrie, after a year in Waterloo Road, has decided (though he has no difference of opinion with the Old Vic Trust) to give up the directorship in June. Hugh Hunt succeeds him for twelve months: then, in the summer of 1953, Michael Benthall will take over. He has produced several times at Stratford-upon-Avon—the present revival of *The Tempest*, for example—but his only previous work for the Vic has been Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* at the New Theatre during the autumn of 1949. Alfred Francis, now the administrative director of the Vic, was responsible for the Liverpool events in the Festival of Britain: he, too, is a newcomer in Waterloo Road.

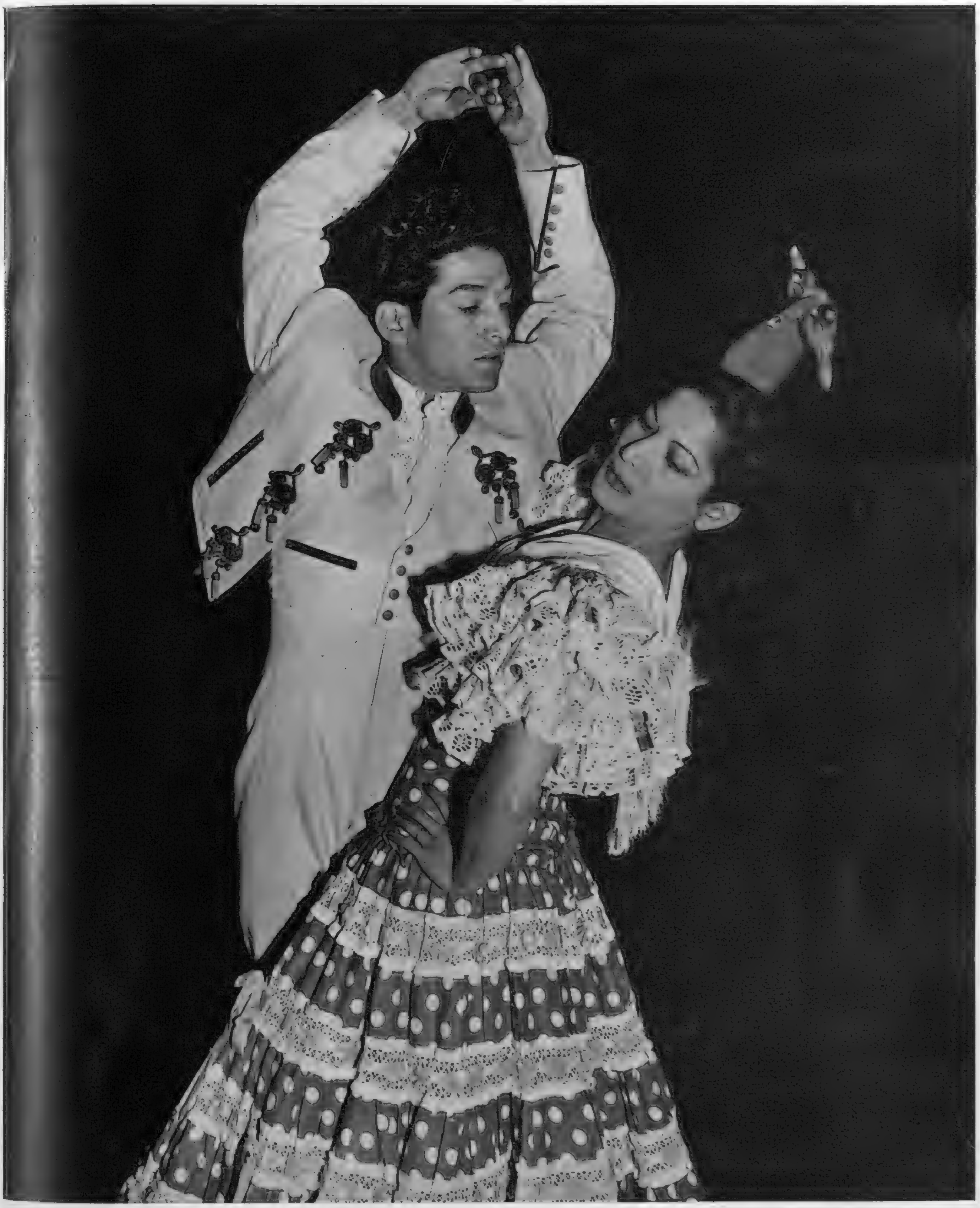
GETTING AROUND

As You Like It will be Robert Atkins's first play in the Open Air Theatre this year, on May 29. It will run for a month; *Cymbeline* will follow it. . . . Cecil Beaton is to design the scenery and costumes for Noël Coward's *Quadrille*, in which the Lunts will act in London later this year. . . . Peter Cotes and the Boulting Brothers are to bring Joan Miller, Hartley Power and Sheila Sim to London in William Inge's Broadway success *Come Back, Little Sheba*. . . . Harley Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance* will have a month's run at the Arts, from May 7.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

STRAITENED BY SUPER-TAX

Lords of Creation, by Edward Percy and Lilian Denham, opens at the Vaudeville Theatre to-morrow, April 24. It is a modern comedy, specially written for Donald Wolfit, about the sufferings of the rich when reduced from castle to cottage—in the play they inhabit two luxury bungalows near Padstow, in Cornwall. *L. to r.*, Michael Kingsley as Christopher, Elizabeth London as Flora, Raymond Huntley as Theodore Brumfit, Rosalind Iden as Clarissa, Donald Wolfit as Rear-Admiral Sir Benjamin McGuffie, Una Venning as Lady McGuffie, John Stuart as Charles and Richard Bebb as Hugh. Sir Benjamin has just opened a case of live frogs presented to him by his neighbour, Mr. Brumfit ; loosed in the garden, the noisy and amorous creatures bother both families and provide a series of funny situations.



FROM THE CAVES OF GRANADA

Carmen Amaya (photographed with her brother Antonis) was born in the famous caves of Granada; she is a real gipsy, and so are the members of her company now appearing with her at the Cambridge Theatre, where they opened on Saturday, April 12, for a season of at least four weeks. Seventeen of the thirty dancers are the star's blood-relations. Where she goes, her mother goes as keeper of the company's purse, and with an eighty-nine-year-old grandfather also in the party, four generations are represented. This is Carmen Amaya's second visit; she was last here in 1948. Small and lively, she has inevitably become known as the "Spanish Atom," and the fiery, gipsy dancing of her company could also be described as of an atomic nature—that seems nowadays to be the adjective for everything.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

WE have been indulging in a certain amount of painless cogitation upon the remarkable facts and figures contained in the analysis, by Robert Silvey, Head of B.B.C. Audience Research, which has caused such a stir during the past week. This analysis, published under the comprehensive title, "Viewers, Viewing and Leisure," is published in the spring issue of *The B.B.C. Quarterly*, and its findings do indeed give one hugely to think—and think again.

With phenomenal, almost callous, detachment, Mr. Silvey sets out to discover from what types of people the television audience is drawn, to what extent they avail themselves of the service and how much it has affected the spending of their leisure hours. As a job of work it is thorough beyond criticism, but as the investigator has given scarcely any guide to the wider interpretation of his analysis, it is possible to draw some wrong conclusions from it.

In passing, we find it a matter for regret that this report, published now, should have been based on an investigation conducted in December 1950. For the television picture has changed considerably since then. At that time, it was still fair to say that "television is still in its infancy," and indeed we seem to remember articles appearing in current periodicals asking: "Has Television Come to Stay?" Certainly neither the Northern nor the Scottish transmitter had yet come into operation, nor had the Children's Programme fully got under way. Since then, television has come to play a far greater part in the nation's interest.

As Mr. Silvey's findings have been so widely reported in the Press we will not weary the reader with figures and percentages, but try to throw a little critical light on the major issues as they appear to us.

The most startling is that the overwhelming majority of viewers belong to the lower-income brackets and to those whose full-time education ceased at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Here is material for some dangerous generalities. For the obvious inference is that television is mainly for the poor unenlightened and that in order to please its swelling audience the programme planners need aim no higher than *Top Hat Rendezvous* or *Pot Luck*.

If they fall into that trap they will be very much in error. For education is not necessarily synonymous with intelligence, nor does a low income automatically mean a lack of artistic appreciation. One has only to call to mind the packed audiences of the Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall, the crowded galleries at the ballet or the opera, the flow of people through the National Gallery or the Tate. There the erudite rich are a negligible proportion.

We draw a different inference. We consider it is due to the fact that television programmes have been kept at an excellent level of intelligence and attainment that these very people have been drawn into the magic circle. After all, a television set is an expensive buy, and you would not find families, living on a tight budget, investing in one unless they were sure of getting a good return from it.

Mr. Silvey also reveals that viewers spend less time at "the local," go to the cinema less frequently, visit their friends less, entertain more and scarcely bother with sound radio. He also finds that their reading is diminished, though, as he points out, "... it is well to remember that the bulk of the nation's reading is of newspapers and magazines rather than of books." Nevertheless the cry is bound to go up: "Television is a drug." But is it a drug, or merely a better form of leisure-spending than watery beer, banal conversation, second-rate films, sightless radio and indifferent literature? We have yet to notice any lack of public support for a good play, film, book or radio show, due to the "drugging" effect of television. But people will naturally turn to the best that is within their reach, for after all, there is still a little autonomy left to the individual. They do not regularly switch on their sets to oblige the B.B.C.

So let no one consider the average viewer as a moron—especially let us warn those who are anxious to introduce sponsored television in this country. Otherwise the state of affairs we have illustrated on the opposite page may become all too true.

Meanwhile, there are welcome signs that television is in no danger of degenerating into the puerile, but that it is capable of treating grown-up matters in an adult way.

Royston Morley's production of his own adaptation of that terrifying play, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, by Eugene O'Neill, is a case in point. There are few major sins which the twisted, tortured New England family, the Mannons, do not commit, either in fact or in their hearts. Mr. Morley might have been tempted to apply a discreet gloss—and ruined the play. But by not pulling his punches, the result was, as intended, a tragedy in the Grand Manner. He was served by a fine cast and one can only think of the performances of Marjorie Mars, Catherine Lacy and Andrew Osborn in terms of superlatives.

Then there was a deservedly horrific documentary, *Dangerous Drugs*, for which those responsible deserve to be thanked. If anyone had a lingering thought that drug-addiction might be rather fun, this programme effectively dispelled it. The torture, both physical and spiritual, through which the wretched victims pass, was brilliantly shown by Cecile Chevreau and Michael Anthony, and Cormac Swan and Robert Barr must be congratulated for their graphic script and production.

Nor was *L'Ag'ya*, a ballet by Katherine Dunham, danced by herself, Vanoye Aikens, Wilbert Bradley and the remainder of her company, quite the thing for the children. It is a complicated and thrilling choreography concerning the dark superstitions of the Caribbean, with hate, jealousy, Zombies and love charms making a stark mixture. But, like it or not, nothing could gainsay the great talent and fresh virility of Miss Dunham and her troupe.

But the period under review was not all gloom, by any means. There was *Love in Albania*, by Eric Linklater, a happy tangle involving a G.I., a poet, a scatter-brained wife, a prim husband and an alligator. These puppets were safe in the hands of Peter Dynely, James Donald, Eleanor Summerfield and Richard Wattis, and W. P. Rilla ably pulled the production strings.

Good Friday rightly found the programmes in reverent mood—but by no means gloomy. *The Marvellous History of St. Bernard* has an involved past, having been adapted by the French dramatist, Henri Gheon, from a fifteenth-century manuscript and subsequently translated into English by Sir Barry Jackson. If the present text does not reach the greatest heights of our language, the treatment of the legendary story is most moving and devout. As a medium, television could not have suited it better and the result should be an encouragement to produce other morality plays in it. The Leonard Brett-Michael Barry production was of extreme simplicity. Elaborate settings were avoided and most of the action took place in front of a plain dark background, thereby throwing full emphasis on the actors. Yet one was never conscious of any lack of realism. There was a large and distinguished cast, but our choice falls on the beautifully sincere performance of Ronald Howard as Bernard.

Though little Elizabeth Saunders is only twelve, she has already had considerable acting experience. Viewers will soon have a chance to see her in her first leading rôle in the TV serial, *The Secret Garden*, starting next Tuesday (April 29) in the Children's Programme.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

FROM to-day until May 3 there will be a series of short programmes coming from the Northern Radio and Television Show in Manchester. Eric Fawcett will be producing them and among the artistes so far listed are Tessie O'Shea, Petula Clark and a brilliant young concert pianist, Richard Farrell.

To-morrow (April 24) you will be able to see the second performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, starring Margaret Johnston as Catherine.

On April 27 and May 1 there will be a comedy-thriller in an unusual setting, a tea-shop run by two old sisters who manage to complicate the plot no end. *The Tea Cosy* is written by Alfred Shaughnessy, and will be produced by Stephen Harrison. In the cast: Jean Cadell, Katie Johnson, Mauric Colbourne, Arthur Goullet, Beatrice Rowe and Campbell Singer.

For the balletomanes there is a major event in Christian Simpson's production of *Swan Lake*, choreography by Petipa and Ivanov, music by Tchaikovsky. The principals are Irene Skorik and Youly Algaroff.

"... and so we leave *The Scarlet Pimpernel* after yet another triumph over the crafty Chauvelin, both of whom came to you by courtesy of the makers of Panacea Pills. They seek them here, they seek them there—but *you* can get them everywhere. Panacea Pills, the Scarlet Pimpernels of the Pharmacopæia."

"Having seen the miraculous examples just presented, we are sure our viewers cannot fail to agree that this popular programme is rightly named *It 's Magic.* And so is Killacold Kold Kure, one bottle of which will slay the common cold—that menace of the medical profession. It is, indeed, magic!"

"Eamonn Andrews has just signed off yet another happy version of that much-loved programme, *What 's My Line?* And what, ladies, is *your* line? Whatever it is, and *wherever* it is, one little pot of Rinkle-Removar will iron it out and restore to you a velvet-smooth complexion which will be the envy of your friends."

"And now we present to you another instalment of Terry-Thomas's *How Do You View?* But before we do so may we ask you: 'How do your friends view *your* teeth? Can you match the gleaming display of our popular star? If not, a tube of Pearlygleme Toothpaste, the dental dream, is a *must* for you."

"Once again this brilliant feature has shown us *The Limits of Human Endurance.* These limits, as we have seen, are very great, but there comes a time in the life of every one of us when we can endure no longer the miseries of a blocked nose. *That* is the moment to purchase a tube of Nostrilblast, the nasal blockage-buster."

"It is an honour to have sponsored the 173rd repeat of *To Live in Peace.* And what prevents us living at peace with ourselves? An acid stomach! And what is the greatest enemy of an acid stomach? Gastricure Powders! Don't sue for peace at any price—you can have it for threepence a powder, including purchase tax."

SPONSORED TELEVISION?

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Gus.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

THE film *Five Fingers*, like the book on which it is based, *Operation Cicero*, is causing quite a stir in London, I am led to understand. Considering the nature of the subject, that's not surprising. The case of the valet at the British Embassy in Ankara, who managed to open the Embassy safe, and sell all sorts of top secrets to the Germans, is one of the most fantastic and exciting spy stories of recent times. The cream of the story is that the Germans thought the top secrets too good to be true and tore them up; and also that they paid the too-trusting valet in wads of British notes, which turned out to be mainly counterfeit. The ultimate fate of Cicero has never been definitely established, although it is suggested that he turned up in Turkey during the making of the film, and offered himself for the part played on the screen by James Mason. Nor has it ever been made quite clear whether the British were such mugs over Operation Cicero as the story makes them out to be, or whether they caught on to the business pretty fast and used the complacent valet for their own ends.

At all events, *Five Fingers* makes fascinating screen entertainment, and is always true to the original in its fashion. That is to say, the structure of the story is there, the backgrounds are genuinely Turkish, and the whole thing gives the impression of an adventure experienced rather than invented. Being a film, of course, its loose ends have to be tidily tucked up, and the bare bones given discreet embellishment. There is a mysterious Polish countess, for instance, who plays each side off against the other. Danielle Darrieux makes her enchanting; but she was not real, and she really is not probable. Cicero himself, as becomes the hero of a moving picture, has undergone a romantic change. Those who met the real Cicero during the war describe him as a scruffy, furtive little man, but James Mason makes him a magnifico—the smoothest of spies, the most winning of wooers, the perfect gentleman's gentleman.

I am certain the public is going to enjoy this film. I liked it very much myself, but I am not prepared to follow the example of certain sections of the American Press, and go beyond modified rapture. It seemed to me a fine Hollywood "smoothie"—exciting; handsome; thoroughly well acted; with an intriguing plot and a high Phillips Oppenheim varnish. But I couldn't help feeling they overdid the varnish. I feel rather like the Germans when Cicero sold them the British top secrets. I'd love to believe it, but it seems just too good to be true.

On the other hand, I am full of enthusiasm for a much less ambitious Hollywood film called *Rancho Notorious*. This is a Western, but a Western with more than the ordinary touch of class; which is not surprising considering that Fritz Lang directed it, and Marlene Dietrich and Arthur Kennedy play the leading parts in it.

In point of fact, *Rancho Notorious* is more of a revenge story than a Western. It suggests a discreet cross between *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *Frankie and Johnny*. The period is the 1870's, the place Wyoming. In the opening scene a girl is assaulted and murdered. Her lover, a cowboy, rides out to find and kill the killer. His search leads him to a hidden ranch near the Mexican border, run by Miss Dietrich (an ex-saloon singer and "glory girl") as a luxurious hide-out for criminals. The cowboy knows that one of the guests at the ranch is his quarry, but the question is, which one?

The film is nothing if not lurid, and ends in a massacre of almost Elizabethan proportions. In fact, I can hardly remember a film with a higher death-roll. There is blood, and bang-bang, and a brooding ballad-singer off-screen who chants of "hatred, murder and revenge." Even the Technicolor close-ups give the effect of grotesque masks hiding the wearer's real personality. But it seems to me that Fritz Lang has got a wonderful sense of style into his melodrama, and I know I shall remember it, long after I have forgotten most Westerns.

Singin' in the Rain, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's large, glossy musicals, derives its title, and its theme-song, from another M.G.M. musical, not quite so large or glossy, of some twenty years ago. Those who are old enough to remember the early days of talkies may recall Ukulele Ike singin' in the rain, accompanied by a beauty chorus in transparent mackintoshes.

Personally, I preferred the earlier opus. It was artless, certainly, but then it never pretended to be anything else. This one leans towards the arty, particularly when Gene Kelly goes into his ballet on an endless chessboard, with wisps of white tulle floating about very oddly. The story (suggested by the song, *Singin' in the Rain*) is about Hollywood in the days when the movies first began to prattle. Mr. Kelly, as a cloak-and-dagger hero of silent films, is luckier than many other bright stars of the period. Despite the scant regard he appears to pay to his elocution teacher, his future is assured, for he knows already how to sing and dance. Not so his glamorous partner, who can't sing, dance *or* talk, and whose voice has to be dubbed by a bit-player, Debbie Reynolds. In time, I need hardly tell you, Miss Reynolds wins both the star rôle and Mr. Kelly for herself, and by a trick on Mr. Kelly's part that can hardly be called gentlemanly, the one-time glamour girl is revealed to a ribald public in all her ineptitude.

There are some satisfying things in *Singin' in the Rain*. There is Cyd Charisse, for instance, and that genuinely likable young comic, Donald O'Connor. There is the dancing, if you care for Mr. Kelly's way of making his brilliant work look fiendishly difficult, as opposed to Mr. Fred Astaire's way of making *his* brilliant work look childishly simple. And there are the old tunes, which are always good to hear. But as a burlesque of the customs and costumes of past years it is overdone, and as a satire on the film industry it hardly exists at all, every other stroke suggesting not parody, but publicity.

One must regretfully announce that the British film *Tall Headlines* has a story as mean and incredible as its cast is impressive. The "ordinary suburban family" involved in it is played by Flora Robson, André Morell, Jane Hylton and Michael Denison (as both the sons), all looking most uncomfortable in a back garden in Putney. At the beginning of the film, the first son strangles a girl on Putney Heath and is promptly arrested because he has been careless enough to leave his dog beside the body.

The day before his execution the rest of the family change their name and go to live with Uncle (Mervyn Johns) at the seaside. But the sea air does them no good, for father becomes a tyrant with abominable manners and a guilt complex, mother becomes a spiritualist, the daughter takes to writing poison-pen postcards, and the second son, realising that his brother is now in Madame Tussaud's, promptly marries the sister of the local prostitute (Mai Zetterling). When she learns that she is wedded to a murderer's brother, she runs away in the lunatic belief that he will kill her, and is mercifully saved from further worry by being eliminated by a motor lorry. But by this time the second son has been thoroughly convinced by his family that murderer's brothers inevitably become murderers too. He gets it into his head that he has killed her, and will not be comforted until Naunton Wayne, as the local police inspector, takes one long searching look at him and says he doesn't seem the sort of chap who would do that sort of thing.

Tall Headlines is so absurd that it might have been funny, but, unfortunately, the style is not sufficiently naïve to counter the essential nastiness of the theme. We are spared no unpleasant detail, from the mother's last visit to the condemned cell to the uncomfortable family breakfast at eight o'clock on the morning of the execution. Few people, save perhaps the inhabitants of Putney, could fail to heave a sigh of relief when the family return to their suburban home from the seaside, and resume a life unchronicled by headlines of any height.

FIVE FINGERS: Cicero, living in splendour in South America, is informed by his banker and an investigator that all his money is counterfeit and that once again he is a poor man.

RANCHO NOTORIOUS: Marlene Dietrich as an ex-saloon singer and "glory girl," now running a hidden ranch near the Mexican border as a luxurious hide-out for criminals.

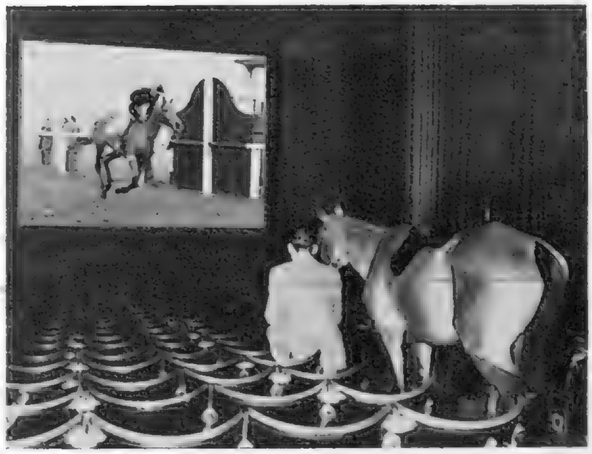
To-morrow: "THE RIVER"

Jean Renoir's production of *The River*, which won the International award at last year's Venice Film Festival and many other awards, honours and acclamations in America and Europe, opens to-morrow, April 24, at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch Pavilion. It is based on Rumer Godden's novel, and she wrote the screenplay in collaboration with Renoir, who directed the film. It was produced by Kenneth McEldowney; Nora Swinburne and Esmond Knight are among the stars; and Patricia Walters, Radha and Adrienne Corri will be seen on the screen for the first time. The story is about an English household on the Ganges and the first love of three young girls, one of them an Indian, for a visiting American boy. India and her people provide a wonderful setting and our photograph shows the custom of honouring guests by decorating the floor with rice flour and water.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MRS. RUNDLE, a farm-worker's wife : For pertinacity on a £20,000 sale.

Mrs. Rundle, who lives at Tintagel and whose husband works for two local farmers, wished to buy a beach café for her daughter. She found that in order to obtain possession of the café, she would have to buy the famous King Arthur's Castle Hotel and its 200-acre estate at a cost of £20,000—so she did.



Steeplechaser *EASTERN SILVER* : For visiting the local cinema to pick up ideas from the Grand National winner.

Mr. Cotton, owner, believing horses to be very imitative, hoped that watching *Teal's* splendid win would teach his horse a thing or two. So with his owner, *Eastern Silver* watched the film very carefully with a view to improving his own performance "over the sticks."

ALDERMAN PAINE : For reaching his majority as Mayor of Lydd.

Alderman Gordon T. Paine, a well-known Kent farmer, has just been chosen Mayor of Lydd for the twenty-first time in succession. He farms in Romney Marsh, and has a large flock of Romney sheep. Interested in many local activities, Alderman Paine is also a Governor of Wye College.

JOCKEY T. SHONE : For "thumbing a lift" in the Grand National.

Mr. M. Westwick, on his horse *Tantivy*, gave T. Shone a pillion ride after they had both dropped out of the race.

MISS PATRICIA DENMAN : For getting a twenty-first birthday present from twenty-eight Mayors.

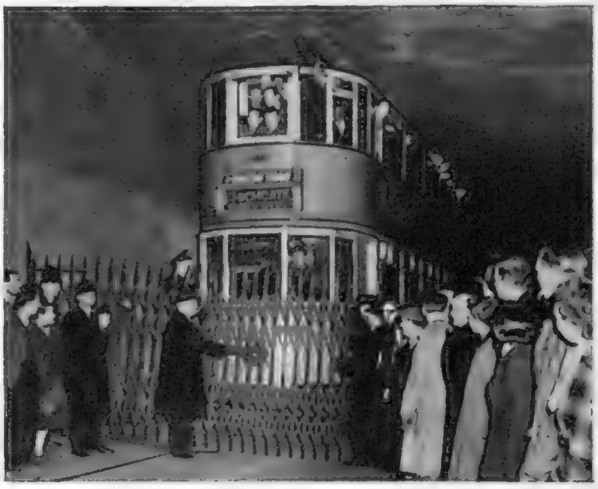
Miss Denman, of Southwark, the youngest Mayoress in the London boroughs, was given a gold watch jointly by all the Mayors in London.

CMDR. ALAN SEYMOUR-HAYDON, R.N. : For turning his back on a championship to keep a date with a honeymoon.

At match point, he retired from the open squash championship to get away to marry Miss S. Bingham-Newlands the following day.

SHIRLEY DEUNG : For solving the problem of toxophily in the rain.

Miss Deung is secretary of the Windsor Forest Bowmen and has strong objections to getting wet in the pursuit of her hobby.



THE LAST TRAM to run through the Kingsway Tunnel.

At midnight on April 5, London's only underground tramway was closed as the last service tram started its last run through the tunnel.

THIS VIENNESE GIRL : For making sure that she shall have music wherever she goes.

Known as the Strauss Blouse, the garment carries the score of *Tales from the Vienna Woods* and other Strauss music.

" Some of These Days " RETURNS TO TOWN

Sophie Tucker, the original " red-hot Momma " and still going strong (she admits to being in her sixties), is once again in London after an absence of four years. She opened at the Palladium this week for a two-week season. Since she made her first appearance in a London music hall in 1922 she has been a great favourite with all types of British audiences, including the Royal Family. The leading lady of her profession in America, she has now been a top-line star for over forty years and is still playing continuously throughout the United States.

OUR BOOKSHELF

CHIAROSCURO. By Augustus John. (*Jonathan Cape ; 30s.*)

ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS. By Dr. A. J. Cronin. (*Gollancz ; 16s.*)

THE DUKE OF GALLODORO. By Aubrey Menen. (*Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE CIRCUS IN THE ATTIC. By Robert Penn Warren. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 15s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

"A WORK of literature by a great artist in another medium" is how Mr. Augustus John's publishers describe *Chiaroscuro*, and no fault can be found with the description. This is a grand book, full of spirit and colour, free from the least pomposity or air of importance. The author does not proceed to recount his life's story with chronological tidiness, but dives into it headlong and gives what can only be described as "the interesting bits." He seems to know just what one would like to hear about, though he never stoops to whisper gossip in the reader's ear. His off-hand introductions to the great or eccentric or notorious men of his time are delightful. "Wilde seemed to be an easy-going sort of genius, with an enormous sense of fun, infallible bad taste, gleams of profundity and a romantic apprehension of the Devil." "John Sampson could turn a phrase better than most. If his manner and speech verged on the ponderous, it was only in keeping with his physique, which was big and portly." "Although A. E. Housman looked like a solicitor he did not behave like one." "Roy Campbell . . . this Jingo of genius." "Frank Harris, with his booming voice, baleful eye and hardy wit, imposed himself by sheer force of bad character." James Joyce "had a precise and buttoned-up appearance." "George Moore was such an extraordinary character that it was well worth while partaking of his meagre hospitality at Ebury Street, merely to watch his behaviour and listen to his discourse: his half-bottle of sour wine, his sparse collection of pictures by his personal friends, his Aubusson carpet upstairs, all made a proper setting for the almost grotesque personage in the foreground, who discussed sex and character, literature and art with such curiosity, ingenuousness and feeling." But the book owes less to famous people casually dealt with than it does to anonymous gypsies, obscure friends and once-met characters who are described more affectionately. And although it is the least egotistical autobiography that I can remember, the artist's own robust personality emerges very clearly.

James Joyce "had a precise and buttoned-up appearance," says Augustus John in his book *Chiaroscuro*, reviewed on this page. Here is the author (left) with the subject of his comment.

IT is perhaps scarcely fair to Dr. A. J. Cronin to consider his *Adventures in Two Worlds* with Mr. Augustus John's fine book, for this is a conventionally conceived and written success story with a sentimental bias, full of rather maudlin moralising. There are early scenes of struggle for the young general practitioner in Scotland, an account of the lady of uncertain age who hopes to entrap him, then the words of his own proposal to another lady and her acceptance of him. He is appointed to be medical officer to a Welsh coal-mining concern, after which quaint characters who speak in Welsh dialect replace queer types who talked Scots in the earlier chapters. Then comes the usual accident in the pit described with much emotion. After that, the author moves to London and works in a more lucrative practice. This leads to an embarrassing scene between him and his wife. He shows pleasure at getting a titled patient, smoothes the lapels of his "well-cut Savile Row suit" and says that he has come a long way since he tramped up the miners' rows in dirty pit boots. He is severely told: "I think I liked you better in those hobnail boots. You thought more of your cases and less of your guineas when you wore them." He "reddens to the roots of his hair" at that. That gives the measure of the book, which once again demonstrates the ancient truth that although fiction may be written as though it were autobiography, yet autobiography written as though it were fiction has a horribly false ring to it. It is, however, when Dr. Cronin becomes declamatory in passages like the following that I really have to put his book down. "Oh, that more ministers of religion might abandon their platitudes, cease to be prudent and become sincere, forsake their empty churches and sally forth like soldiers to justify themselves in valiant conflict beneath the darkening sky!"

MR. AUBREY MENEN, author of *The Duke of Gallodoro*, must have had a hard time trying to live up to his first novel, a delightful display of pyrotechnics, which was highly, but not too highly, praised. It would be unfair to say that his next two were duds, but they were certainly rather squibs than sparklers. The new one is a rocket which, though it does come ignominiously to a damp end, at least goes up with stars and does not fall too flat, or too quickly. Mr. Menen accepts the convention, becoming well-established now, that central Mediterranean shores and islands are inhabited by rich and highly extraordinary foreigners and a native population of great charm and shiftlessness living on their bounty or idiocy. No street arab so sprightly, so much of a gamin, so naughty and so attractive as his Peppin; no foreigner so strongly characterised, so south-winded as Robert Duff-Lazenby, Fourteenth Duke of Gallodoro; no scholar so scholarly or so scrounging as Salvator. It is all done with great gusto and good humour and one no longer feels that Mr. Menen is trying to be funny. The narrator's long struggle to make the Duke acknowledge and provide for his illegitimate son, the Duke's proficiency at cheating his own staff at cards, the chorus of peasants and local officials, are all well described. It is, in fact, an enjoyable book, and readers will be well advised not to be put off by the portentous dedication which describes it as "this first work of my maturity"—whatever that may mean.

A COLLECTION of short stories, *The Circus in the Attic*, gives me my first acquaintance with the work of the American writer Mr. Robert Penn Warren, whose novels *World Enough and Time* and *All the King's Men* have been well liked in England. These stories vary in treatment and subject and show the author to be a man of many distinct talents. The best of them are about rural life seen through the eyes of a child, small incidents which take on large and sometimes frightening significance because they have not been given the smooth, tame proportions which they would have for an adult. "Blackberry Winter," for instance, shows a small boy and his mother alone in a solitary farmhouse in Tennessee when a disreputable stranger arrives. Nothing really comes of it and the stranger is sent on his way by the boy's father, but as the boy recalls it the story has tension, and we believe the boy at the end when he indicates, in one terse sentence, that he has in some sense been following the stranger ever since. Mr. Warren has a rare gift for the quick, lucid turn of phrase and the vivid image which comes from an artist's observation of things and people. A boy watching the hailstones "bouncing," or a hen "trying to peck up a piece of hail like a fool chicken will do," or the smoke round a locomotive glowing "with a soft cumulous rose in the reflected light of the firebox door," these are all sharp and satisfying. A very clever writer.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A HISTORY OF GOLF IN BRITAIN.
(*Cassell ; 42s.*)

Golf history by a number of authorities—Bernard Darwin, Sir Guy Campbell, Henry Cotton, Henry Longhurst, and so on. As a piece of book-production it is remarkably cheap, with its 300 quarto pages, its coloured and other plates, its excellent binding and presentation.

SQUARE DANCE!
By Ralph J. McNair. (*W. H. Allen ; 7s. 6d.*)

The publishers claim that "if you've never danced, the author's informal, easy-to-follow presentation will make you feel like an old-timer the first time you step on the floor." It really looks as though it might. The diagrams and explanations seem excellent.

THE CASE OF THE HAPPY MEDIUM.
By Christopher Bush. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

This is as good as any Ludovic Travers mystery, which is saying a great deal.

DEATH AT LORD'S.
By Bernard Newman. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

A rather more reach-me-down whodunit with an F.B.I. man investigating a murder in England.

YOUR HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND.
YOUR HOLIDAY IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.
By Gordon Cooper. (*Alvin Redman ; 9s. 6d. each.*)

Two volumes in this handy series which should help to make the travel allowance go farther.

MORE DEVON BYWAYS.
By Annan Dickson. (*Westway ; 10s. 6d.*)

An intelligent and lively handbook by an author who respects the past but does not bemoan the present. Some very good photographs, too.

1. The lover is hooked ; mother and daughter brood rapaciously over his engagement ring ; he is in a daze, love-blinded ; the solemn splendour of Osbert Lancaster's Kensington Square surrounds them.

2. Hurrah for bigger and better diamonds ! A rich old neighbour, nearly crumpling into his grave, has made a bid for the daughter ; on with the bridal get-up, and mother and daughter jump for joy.

3. The League of Light is out to clean up Kensington ; with hideous and noisy purpose they proclaim the Word, the ladies in those boat-shaped shoes which are in themselves an armour of respectability.

4. The League, having salvaged the disappointed lover from Kensington, arrive with him in throbbing, wicked old Africa, armed only with tambourines ; anything can happen now, they realise with dismay.

5. A smashing African king happens, and he returns with them to Kensington Square. The daughter, mistaking the glitter in his eye for love, and smelling gold, is thrilled to be wooed and won.

6. But the attentions of the eligible black were prompted by greed, not lust ; he has his *bonne-bouche* in a giant entrée dish, and all that is left for the lover are her rose and her ring.

" BONNE-BOUCHE "

For this ballet which links Kensington with Africa in naughty 1910, John Cranko was choreographer, Arthur Oldham composer and Osbert Lancaster designer. Pamela May and Pauline Clayden are the grasping mother and daughter ; Brian Shaw the lover ; Alexander Grant the African King and John Hart the old roué lover. The first performance, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, was at Covent Garden on April 4.

Photographed by Roger Wood.

TALES WITH A STING

A CALL FOR THE DOCTOR

By Anthony Evelyn

I WAS in bed—but not asleep—when the 'phone rang. I had slept very little during the past few years, and to-night, as usual, I lay reading, though it was gone 2 a.m. I sprang up on hearing the address, pulled on my clothes and grabbed the bag of instruments that stood ready packed in my room.

As I got the car out, my thoughts raced ahead, wondering what had really happened, for the stammering servant had only told me of an accident, begging me to come quickly, before she rang off.

It could be anything; a drunken fall would be likely enough, but at least I knew that it would be he and not Mary who had been hurt. What I dreaded most was that there had been some kind of quarrel, and that her self-control had snapped at last, for I knew what a goading, vicious swine he was. The strain under which his wife had lived for the past five years would have sent most women off their heads. Only the child had stopped her leaving him, and he played on that fact, though he had no more love for the boy than he had for the mother.

As I thought of the life she had led with him, my foot eased off the accelerator; why should I hurry to help him? The best possible thing for Mary would be if he died. It would put an end to an intolerable situation and his death would be no loss to anyone. He had never done a day's work since he'd inherited his father's money, and of all the people I had ever met in my professional career, or outside it, he was the only one I could classify as of no earthly use to God or man.

His only pastimes consisted of drinking and making his wife miserable.

But whatever my personal feelings in the matter, I was still a doctor; to delay medical assistance purposely would be little short of murder if he were seriously hurt. I put temptation out of my mind and accelerated.

I kept wishing I had spoken to Mary, for the maid was obviously in a state of near hysteria, and whatever was wrong with him, it must have been pretty bad for her to have sent for me at that hour. I was thankful that she had done so, because no matter what had happened, I would be there to stand by her. I felt irritated with myself for taking the worst for granted, and giving way to a foolish premonition. For all I knew, he could have thrown an attack of D.T.s and done himself some injury; from my knowledge of his habits, it was by far the most probable explanation. But somehow my instinct told me that when I got to their house I would find it was otherwise.

I could see the lights blazing on the ground floor as I turned into the drive. The front door was shut, and I rang repeatedly for several minutes before I was let in by the white-faced servant-girl, whose flow of words I cut short. "Where's your master? Come on, Elsie, pull yourself together for heaven's sake. Where are they; what's happened?"

"In there, Sir, in the study. Mrs. Fellows and me carried him in," she said. I pushed past her and walked into the room.

The first person I saw was Mary, her face grey under the electric light; she was standing by the sofa, looking down at her husband with an expression of the most awful terror. She raised her head as I came towards her, and her voice was little more than a whisper.

"He fell," she said, "down the stairs. I heard the door shut, and I knew it was him coming up to bed. Then there was the most frightful noise, and he called out."

I went to the sofa and bent over him.

"I jumped up," she continued. "When I switched on the landing light, I saw him lying there in the hall, at the bottom of the stairs. . . ."

Suddenly I didn't want to look at her. I began examining him; he was alive, but there were severe head injuries, it was difficult to tell whether he would regain consciousness that night.

I straightened, and turned to her.

"Mary," I said, "you're shivering. You'd better go and put on something warm, and tell Elsie to make some tea. I'll do what I can while you 'phone for an ambulance."

When she was gone I sat down near him and tried to review the situation. On the face of it, there was nothing to worry about; it was an obvious accident. He had come in, drunk as usual, and started up the stairs, probably to wake his wife if he felt quarrelsome, missed his footing in the dark, and fallen.

Just because my imagination had run riot during the journey there, I had no right to be unnaturally suspicious; I knew that Mary loathed him, but the shock of finding him could account for the expression on her face that had alarmed me to start with, for any sensitive woman would have been horrified at such a sight. I felt ashamed of my misgivings. I had another look at the unconscious man on the sofa; there was nothing to be done for him at that moment, so I went to find Mary.

The maid came out of the kitchen carrying a tray with the tea I had asked for.

"Elsie, put that down a minute," I said.

"I'm rather worried about Mrs. Fellows, she's had a bad shock. Mr. Fellows is very seriously hurt, you know. Was she the first down to him, or did you get there together?"

"Well, Sir, I was in bed, asleep; then this awful crash woke me up," she replied. "I thought I heard the master yell, so I came down, and found Mrs. Fellows just come on the landing; he was lying at the bottom of the stairs and we both ran to him. I thought he'd broken his neck, I did, but we got him in the study and then she sent me to 'phone you. Is he going to die, Sir?"

"I don't know, Elsie," I said. "But I'm afraid he may. People who drink too much can't stand up to things like that, you know. Anyway, I'm going to look for Mrs. Fellows; she's sending for an ambulance, but I expect she's gone to see if the little chap's all right. It's a wonder he hasn't woken up, with all this going on. Be a good girl, and sit in there with Mr. Fellows; if he shows any sign of regaining consciousness, call me at once."

She went into the study rather unwillingly, while I started in search of Mary. I found her upstairs, fully dressed, and crying hysterically. I put my arm round her.

"It's all right," I told her. "I think he'll pull through. His constitution is very strong; you must try and control yourself, Mary, or I'll have both of you laid up." She gave me a desperate look.

"You think he'll get well," she said slowly.

"He may do, but worrying yourself to death won't help matters. Anyway, it's his own fault; nobody can blame you!"

Just then I heard Elsie's voice calling me from the hall.

"Quick, he's either come to, or he's worse," I said. We both ran down the stairs to where the girl was waiting for us.

"He's trying to speak," she said.

I went into the study; his eyes were open, and I knew that he was fully conscious. "Don't try to talk," I told him. "You've got to keep quiet; you've had a fall."

His eyes stared over my shoulder, to where I knew Mary was standing. "He wants you, I think." He raised his hand and caught at my sleeve as I was about to move away. His mouth was open, and he fought to get out the words. I bent my head to his, trying to catch what he said.

"She . . . she pushed me. . . ."

It was only a whisper, forced from him with every ounce of will power, and the effort robbed him of his senses once more.

I got up slowly and turned round to her. I knew then that she had been lying. She had pushed him, as he staggered drunkenly at the top of the stairs.

She knew that I had heard the truth, and her face was suddenly old as we looked at each other.

"He was going to take Peter away to his family," she said. "To-morrow. He'd been to a solicitor and they were fixing up a separation. . . . I opened the letter this morning."

"Did you 'phone the hospital?" I asked.

"Yes," she said dully. "The ambulance will be here any moment now. Will he be unconscious for long?"

"I don't know," I answered, looking down at him. The effort of speech had been too much for him; it was obvious that he was dying. But there was a chance that he might regain consciousness once more before the end and no one else must ever hear the terrible accusation he had made to me.

"Give me my bag, Mary," I told her. "And call Elsie." She did as I directed, moving like an automaton. I knew that she was listening for the ambulance; so was I.

"Go and ring the hospital again Elsie. Ask if that ambulance is on its way. Mr. Fellows seems to be getting worse."

Mary went out of the room with her. I closed the door behind them, then I opened my bag and took out my hypodermic syringe.

Within a few minutes he was dead.

Suddenly I felt very tired. I went into the kitchen and sat down. I reached across to Mary and patted her cold hand. "Elsie," I said. "Go upstairs, wake young Peter and get him dressed. My daughter is coming home with me."

Our Fashion Portfolio

★

THE BIBURYS GO SHOPPING

★

Mrs. Bibury is bringing out her daughter Charlotte this season, and we are planning to show you some of the things they and other members of the family do and the clothes they wear during the year.

In our last issue, we followed them through a gay day of parties, the last of which was Charlotte's coming-out dance. To-day Mrs. Bibury's younger daughter, Caroline, has a holiday from her finishing school near London and the two girls are taken shopping at Harrods by their mother. Caroline, limited to things suitable for teenagers, is agog at the clothes Charlotte wears now she has escaped from the dim world of school. Mrs. Bibury finds she needs more and more for herself as the summer goes on.

We see their whole morning—from their arrival in a taxi to the moment when Mrs. Bibury has a drink in the cocktail bar before taking Charlotte on to a lunch party. All three are so pleased with their final choices that they keep them on for lunch and arrange to have the clothes they arrived in sent home.

Mrs. Bibury wears a beautifully-tailored two-piece in a greyish-blue worsted material, ideal for town or country. The shirt-waisted dress has a straight skirt in front, but an unpressed box pleat gives fullness at the back. A crisp white piqué collar adds a summery freshness. Features of the tailored jacket are set-in sleeves, nipped waist, oblique pockets and pointed cuffs. Price £44 5s., sizes 36-42 hip.

Her light navy fine straw hat is a copy of a French model. It has a folded brim, and is trimmed with veiling and petersham ribbon (11 gns.). Plain navy calf Court shoes (£4 10s.), fine French kid classic gloves (51s.), and a navy calf-hide handbag (£6 5s. 9d.) complete Mrs. Bibury's impeccably-chosen morning outfit. Her jewellery consists of pearl necklet (£3 13s. 6d.), pearl ear-rings (12s. 6d.), and paste brooch (£4 14s. 6d.)

Charlotte looks very well-turned-out in her unusual black and yellow fashion jersey suit. The straight, double-breasted yellow jacket can either be worn like a blazer or buttoned back into a tuxedo front (as Charlotte wears it here). The pencil slim black skirt has an elasticised waist. (Junior Miss Department, 23 gns.).

The amusing yellow felt hat is edged with black straw and has a black straw "pom-pom" on the top. Price 3 gns. Black hand-sewn fabric gloves are reasonably priced at 17s. 6d. Her comfortable low-heeled black Court shoes in fine calf are also available in brown, navy and red. Price 77s. 6d. Her black hide handbag has a double handle and costs £5 19s. 6d.

Caroline wears a Teen-age full-skirted poplin dress and pure wool matching jersey bolero. The dress has short sleeves and a high neckline, with decorative pearls to the waist. Colours include pale yellow, sky-blue, turquoise and pink; price complete is 6 gns. Her white crochet hat and little bag are 12s. 6d. each. The flat-heeled white shoes are 69s. 6d. and white cotton piqué "shortie" gloves 21s. 9d.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

(Continued overleaf.)

In the Junior Miss Department, Charlotte's first thought is for cotton frocks, and she tries on a varied selection, while mother and sister watch appraisingly. Here she is pictured in a pale biscuit-coloured dress with cap sleeves and a demure little black collar. The skirt is patterned with an unusual design in black, and black also edges the neat pockets. Price approximately 14 gns.

In the background, an assistant is holding two coats for subsequent inspection. Both are in camel-hair and wool, and come in a variety of colours. The short one has three-quarter-length batwing sleeves (price 10 gns.) and the other full-length coat has Dolman sleeves and big patch pockets. It can be worn with or without the belt, and is priced at 19 gns.

Our Fashion Portfolio (contd.)

THE BIBURYS GO SHOPPING

Mrs. Bibury tried on a stone-coloured jumper suit in fancy woven rep material, with a heavy black design. The V-necked, belted jacket had broad revers which buttoned back on either side, and elbow-length sleeves with a wide, turned-back cuff. The skirt was quite straight. Price £18 12s. (hip sizes 36-42). Still wearing the suit, Mrs. Bibury went through to the coat department. There the assistant showed her an adaptation of a French model in a smooth-textured woollen material in vivid green. It had a very full skirt, soft sloping shoulders and push-up sleeves, and was priced at £25.

Mrs. Bibury also tried this superb "east to west" hat in honey-coloured straw with a black velvet underlining and finished with black veiling. Price 15 gns.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio (contd.)

THE BIBURYS GO SHOPPING

Mrs. Bibury was so pleased with her dress and coat from the Budget Shop that she decided to keep them on for lunch. The useful, all-day teal-coloured dress is made in faille shantung. It has set-in, three-quarter sleeves; the skirt is straight in front and flared at the back. A high semi-roll collar, large buttons and two stiffened pockets are other points of interest. Price £7 12s. 6d. Rayon faille is the material used for the loose duster coat. Its full sleeves can be rolled to three-quarter length. Available in many colours (Mrs. Bibury's is dark green) with self or contrasting lining, it costs 9 gns. Her plain black suède Court shoes are £5 2s. 9d.; black suède gloves 79s. 6d., and a small handbag in black suède with a gilt frame cost £6 19s. 6d. (Grosgrain, £5 9s. 6d.) She found an attractive little folded grosgrain cap to match her dress at 59s. 6d.

Caroline changed into a slightly more sophisticated dress made in a new material—a voile covered in tiny white plastic spots. The high collar and cap sleeves are edged with white broderie anglaise. It comes in navy, green and mulberry, sizes 9-13, and is priced at approximately £6. She was thrilled with her first pair of "grown-up" Court shoes. Priced at 69s. 6d., they are fashionably low-cut at the sides and have a perforated vamp.

Charlotte decided to keep on her new navy nylon dress. Very full-skirted, it has cap sleeves and the collar is finished with a small bow. Sparkly buttons from neck to waist give a gay touch. This dress can be had in plaid or plain nylon, usual sizes, price about 14 gns. (inclusive of rayon taffeta underskirt).

Finally, she chose an amusing white peddle-straw pill-box hat, which she thought would be perfect for wearing with either dresses or suits (49s. 11d.). White nylon gloves cost 35s. 6d.

Mrs. Bibury's gilt jewellery included necklet (£1 15s. 9d.); ear-rings (£2 19s. 6d.); and bracelet (17s. 9d.).

Mrs. Bibury's shopping "finds" during the past month will be found on Page 404.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE, MRS. BIBURY WILL BE VISITING RELATIONS.

Just close your eyes

—and wish they were all yours? No . . . no, that's entirely *your* idea. We were going to say:

Close your eyes and *feel* . . . feel the soft cling of supple unlined leather, the lightfooted ease of a feather welt, feel a luxury of leathercraft that is wholly Country Club. *Now* look at the styles, and think 'Spring'.

Clarks
COUNTRY CLUB

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Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. L.2, Street, Somerset — *and ask for a style leaflet.*

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH: *LONDON OFFICE*, BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY

MRS. BIBURY'S SHOPPING "FINDS"

AMONG new or useful things that have appealed to Mrs. Bibury in the shops lately are the Kleenex handkerchief tissues which are now being made in Britain for the first time and have just become available in the shops at reasonable prices: seventy-five economy-size double tissues for 1s., and 100 double larger ones for 2s.; useful for removing make-up as well as being essential as handkerchiefs for colds.

In John G. Hardy's showroom at 4, New Burlington Street, she was delighted to find that the famous "Sheltie" suiting which was discontinued during the war, is obtainable again, not only in London but from John G. Hardy's many representatives in the U.K. and abroad. It is made from specially selected merino wool in charming colours and patterns and is very practical and hard wearing, as well as feeling most luxurious.

She was interested in Elizabeth Arden's make-up colour chart, which includes powder, rouge, lipstick, nail varnish and eye shadow; also her special hormone cream and hormone hand cream. She thought Yardley's range of creams, make-up and cologne were very good value, and was amazed at the cheapness of the new *Blue Orchid* products by Delaville. Always tantalising, scent counters attracted her, and she decided it was hard to beat Chanel's famous *Gardenia* for Charlotte, and Molyneux's new *Magnificence* for herself.

At Simpson's she was interested in the new *Daks* skirts, which have the same kind of "shirt-control" waistbands as *Daks* trousers. The skirts are made in four different styles and lots of different stuffs and patterns, including tartan; Mrs. Bibury particularly liked the "pencil" model, with a slit back and front.

She noticed Walmar's new "East to Wester" hat in several stores and milliners, and thought this neat little model with a quill very good value at approximately 50s.; she also approved of Jaeger's new line in Jersey dresses at 6–7 gns., which is, they told her, the British answer to the "little black dress" of Paris. She liked the soft lines of the bodices, and the cleverly placed gathers on the skirts which give the fashionable "hippy" look.

Among materials, she was impressed by the wide range of new rayons, from fine laces to worsted spun rayons for men's clothes, also soft furnishing stuffs and household textiles.

For golf, she rather liked Saxone's *Golf Master* shoes, which are worn, she was told, by many famous men and women golfers. She tried on a pair at 79s. and found them very comfortable.

Thinking of Caroline's school stockings, she was interested by a pretty little device called the Pifco electric darner. It looks like a white mushroom with a red stalk, to which is attached six yards of plastic-covered flex and an adapter which fits into any electric light bulb socket. The mushroom is then lit up by a little bulb inside and eyesight is saved by a soft glow of light which shows up every thread of work; darning in the dark would even be possible if necessary! It is to be found in electrical shops and stores all over the country in 200/250 and 100/120 volts A.C. only. Price 21s.

On her way home she stopped at 44, Albemarle Street, to inspect the new Fragrance Bureau, where she was told of many new ways of using scent. It will "set" your lipstick if brushed lightly over it after application; the best way of removing surplus make-up from your hairline is to dab with scent; an economical suggestion was to keep empty scent bottles and put them among your clothes and sheets; another good idea was to store scented soap among clothes and linen; if soap is kept for a month or two it hardens and goes further, besides scenting the things.

Her last call was at Worth, where she was fascinated by the new spectacle frames designed by May Clarke. Decorative spectacles have taken the place of masks as mystifiers; among May Clarke's designs are lovely ones for the evening, including gun-metal plastic spattered with silver stardust and hand-wrought silver studded with diamanté and seed pearls.

A new idea forecast for spectacles is lenses to match the wearer's eyes.

In many lands in many languages the world's press has paid generous tribute to the Jaguar. Let their words on the Mark VII Saloon speak for themselves. " Indescribable beauty . . .[1], remarkably modern, yet in impeccable good taste.[2] Its roomy body seats six in comfort.[3] Four large suit-cases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed.[4] With its famous XK120 engine, it can do a hundred plus miles an hour.[5] Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest.[6] "

1. LE MATIN, PARIS 2. LE MONDE, PARIS 3. THE QUEEN 4. DAILY TELEGRAPH 5. NEW YORKER 6. DAILY HERALD

JAGUAR

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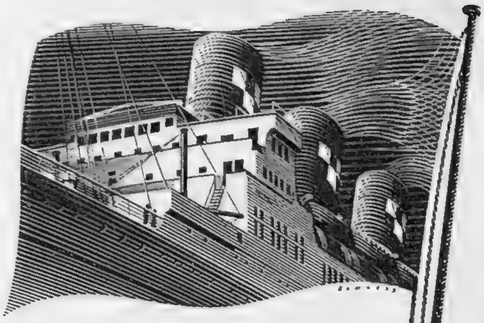

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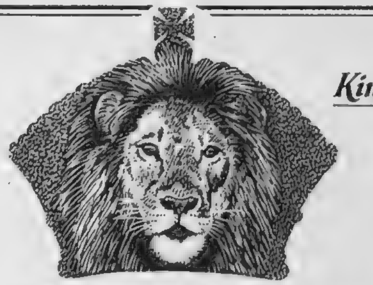

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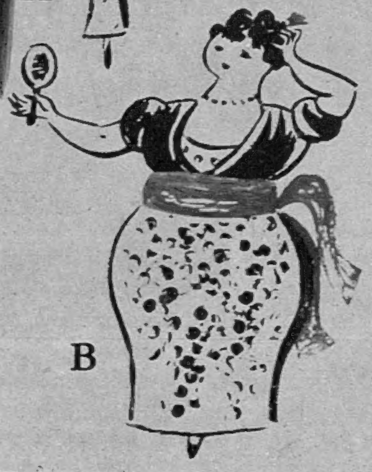
No. APRIL 1952 Schweppshire Post p.6

FASHION

for the fuller figger

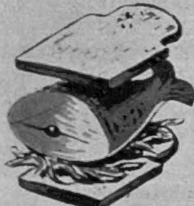
IF NOT ACTUALLY FAT



For (B) the belt is extended

COOKERY

WOO HIM WITH NATURAL FOODS



Have you tried raw cod sandwiches garnished with a bouquet of shredded turnip?

Serve on a bed of toasted red cabbage if you want HIS eyes to light up.

NEW

Beauté FOR OLD

Schweppes Appeal

THROUGH SIMPLE EXERCISES

For nose and ears, this is POST'S Bi-manual: With right hand rotate nose anti-clockwise; with left pull out each ear in rhythmic countermotion, allowing it to spring back as *nose reaches upwards position*, so that the two blood supplies may interact.

TEEN-AGE TONIC

Let me be your Uncle

A SPLIT-SECOND SERMON BY DR. PRESCHWEPT

From the thousands of letters you have written let me pick one. A simple question. "Why must I relax?" Relaxing is being. Is knowing. Is living. Let the impetus of relaxation come from within out, never from without in. Muscle by muscle. Arms—and remember the bones. LET YOUR TEETH RELAX.

A S Preschwept P.T.O.

GARDEN HINTS

'Marquess of Schwepstow'

For those of us who are carrot-minded, E. WILT, *Post's* carrot expert, reminds us of points to look for.

Note, in "Marquess", the high shouldering, absence of "waist", and abrupt taper.

1. Top or "pennant"
2. Shoulder
3. Underwing
4. Waist
5. Tip or "low-point"

'POST' BAG

AN OLD BULB

We have in our home a 1900 electric bulb still working. On it is a picture of the Archduke Otto wearing a sailor suit. Would not gayer, painted bulbs help to brighten our drab world of queues and form-filling?

(Miss) Evadne Schwepperfield

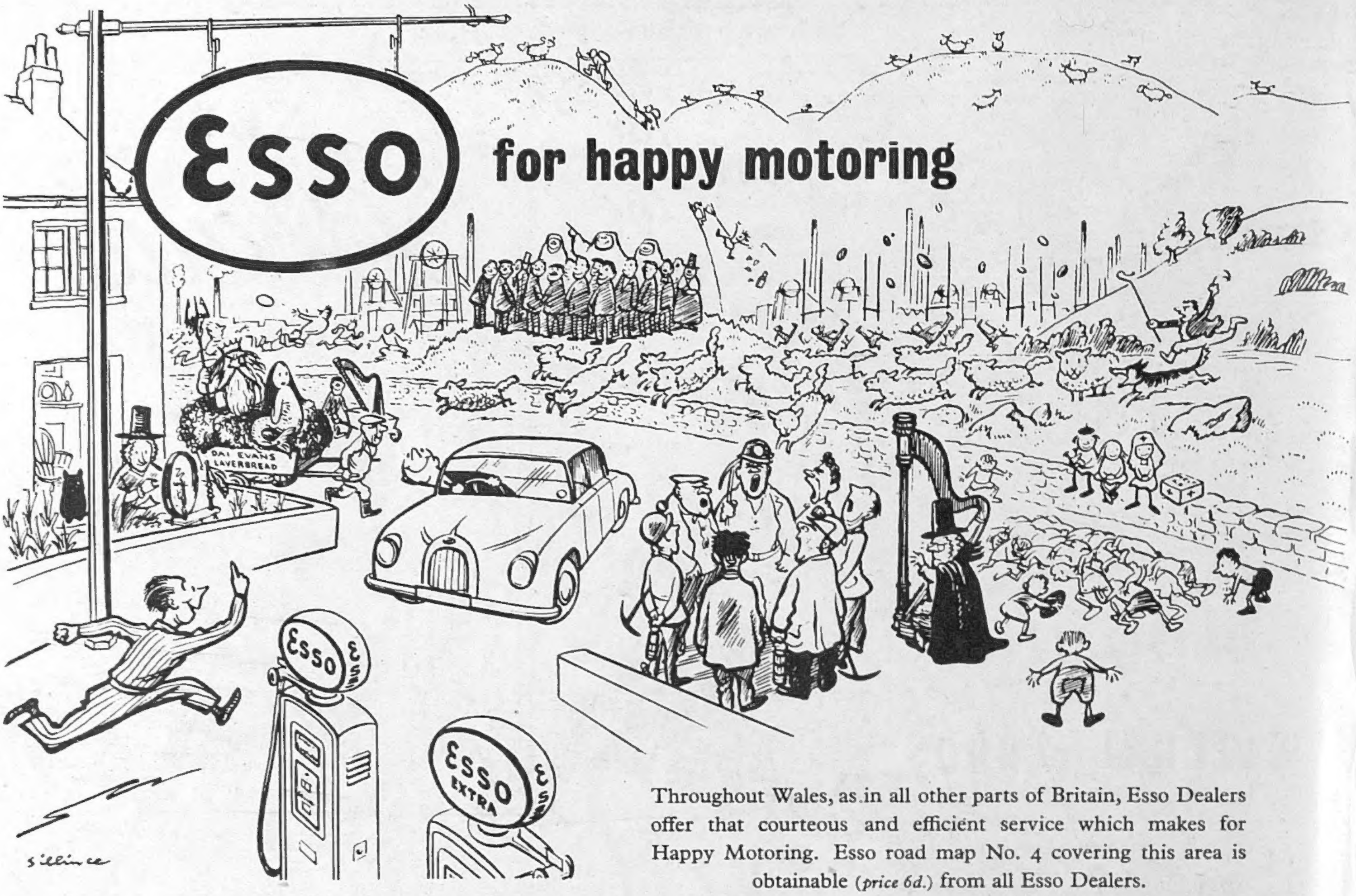
WORTH FOURPENCE

I have just come by a copy of Pilgrim's Progress marked with the date 1883. The price seems to have been 4d. *What is its value now?*

(Address not supplied)

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



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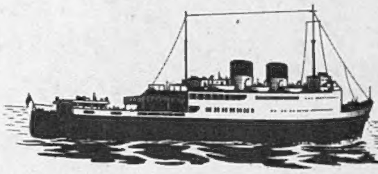

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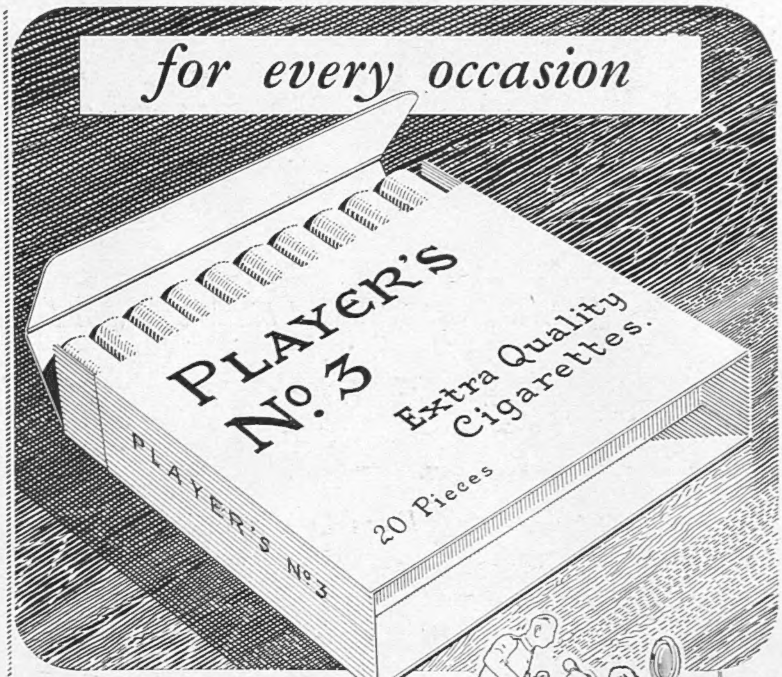

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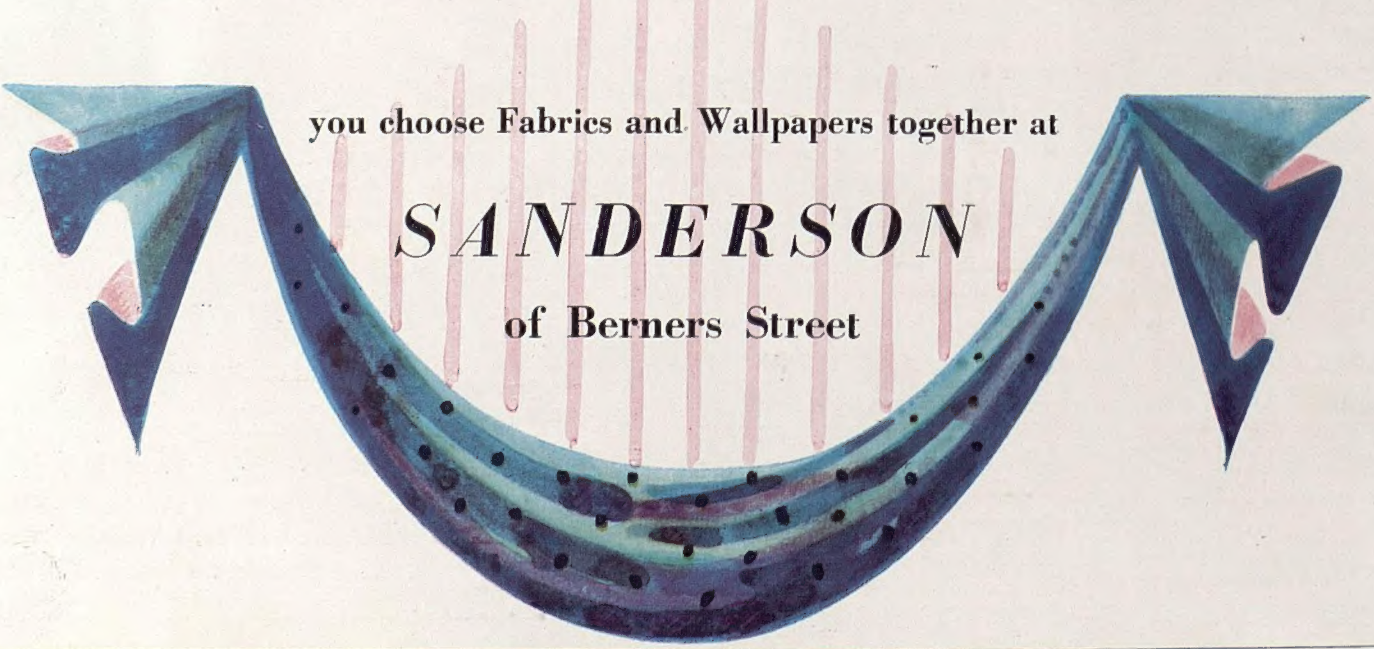

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